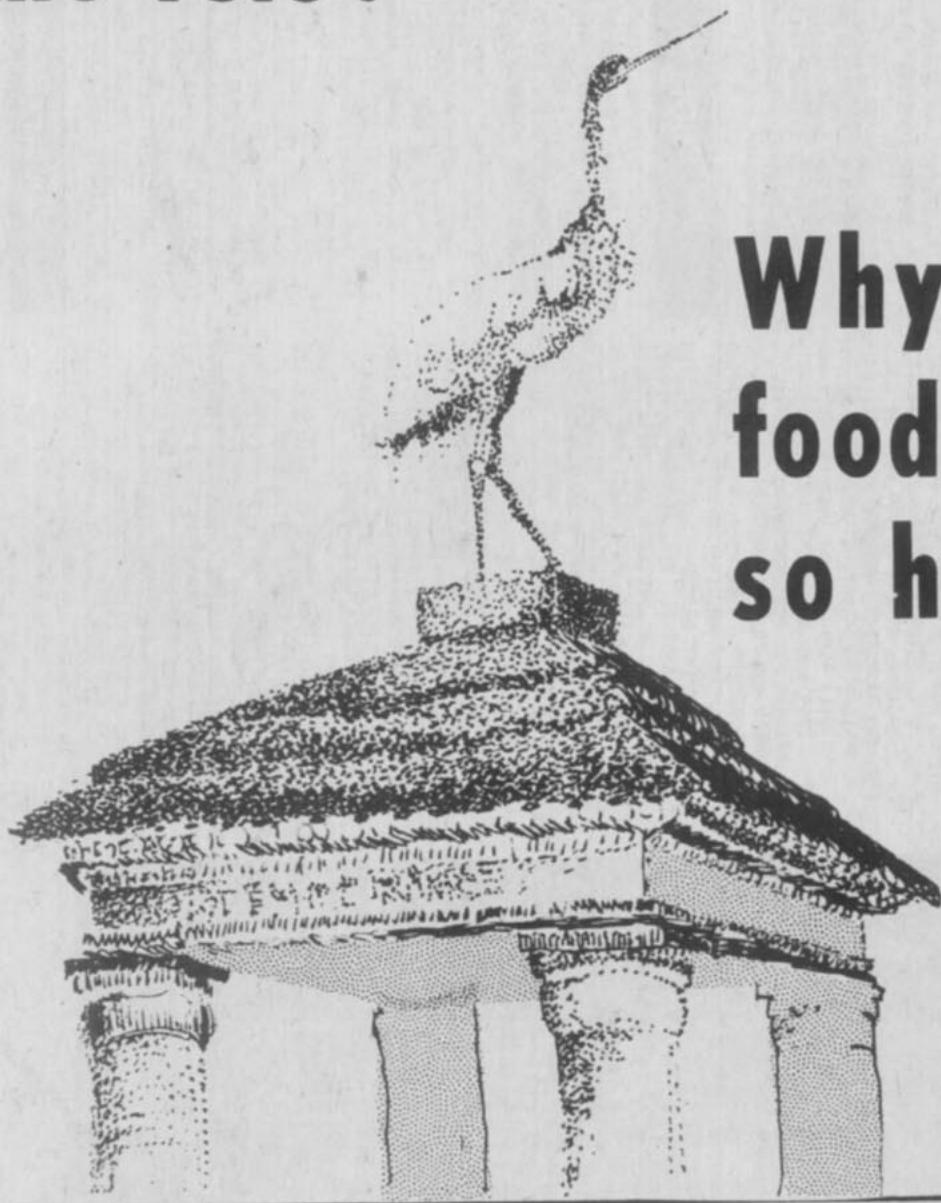


# d.c. gazette

## What if we get home rule?

Why  
food's  
so high



GRAPHIC FROM DON'T TEAR IT DOWN

OCTOBER 1973

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# d.c. gazette

VOL. IV Nr. 21

OCTOBER 1973

## In this issue

### THE DISTRICT

WHAT IF WE GET HOME RULE?	
Sam Smith	Page 1
CLEAN AIR BLUES	
Carl Bergman	Page 10
FESTIVAL DAY...AND OTHER DAYS	
Roland Freeman & Armando Rendon	Page 12

### NORTHERN VIRGINIA

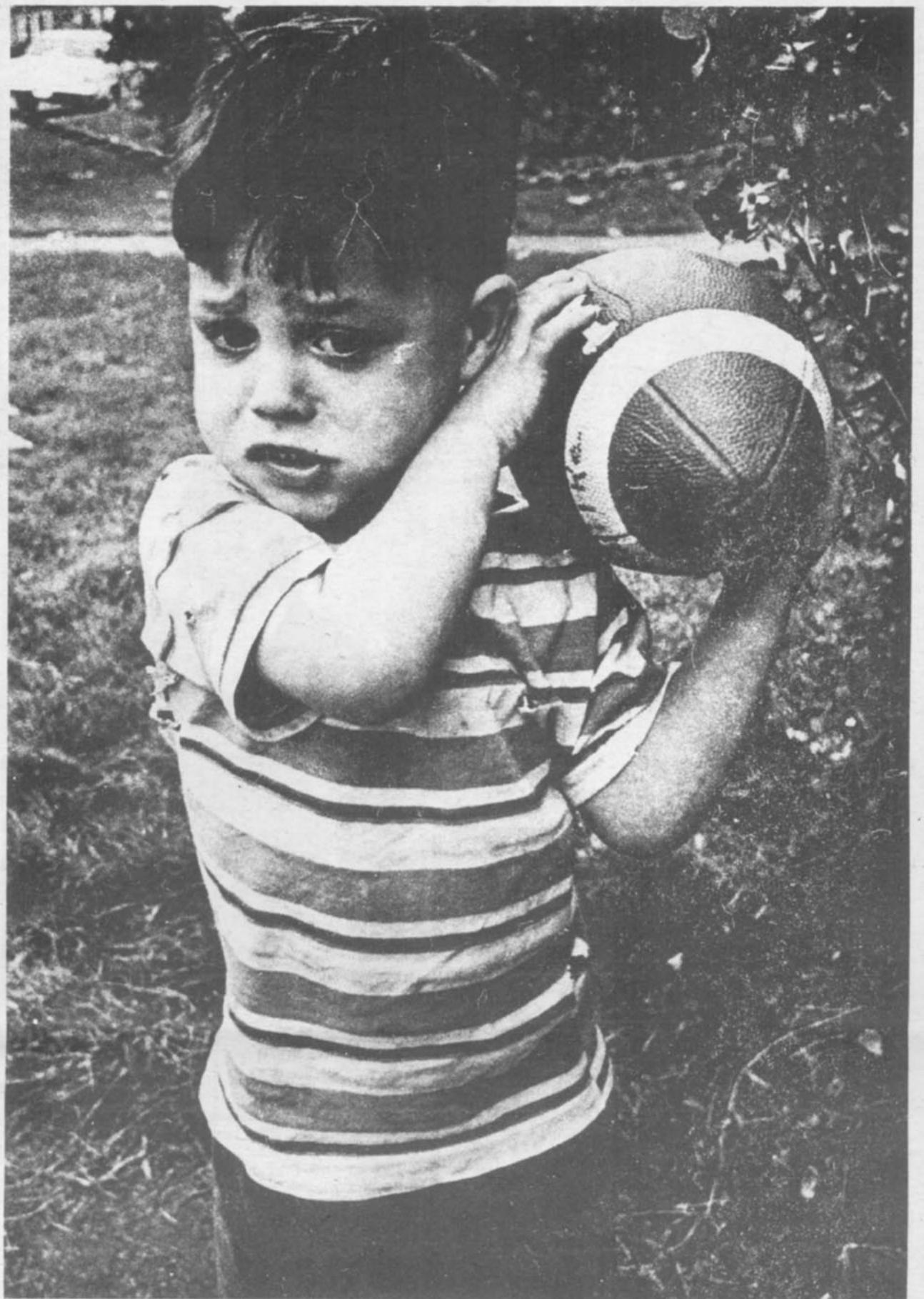
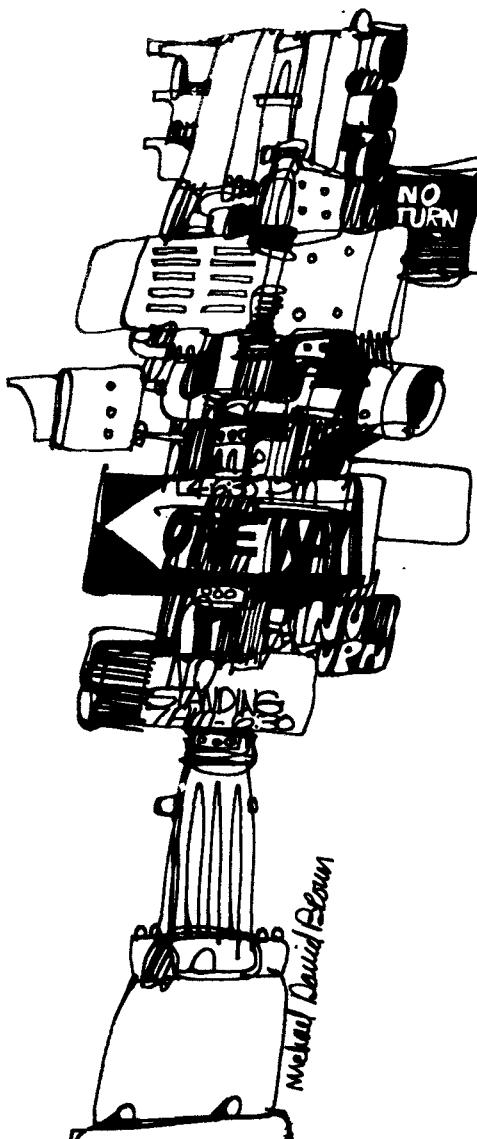
PACKING THE ROSSLYN-BALLSTON CORRIDOR	
	Page 4

### THE NATION

THE LAST OF THE CONSPIRACIES?	
	Page 2
NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD	
	Page 7
ALLEN GINSBERG ON ABBIE HOFFMAN	
Allen Ginsberg	Page 11
WHY FOOD IS SO HIGH	
James Ridgeway	Page 15

### THE ARTS

BOOKS: FEAR & LOATHING ON THE TRAIL	
Richard King	Page 17
CAMERA: CEZAR DEL VALLE	
Andrea O. Dean	Page 18
FTIM: MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT	
HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER	
YOUR THREE MINUTES ARE UP	
DILLINGER	
Joel Siegel	Page 18
I WANT MY DIRTY BOOKS BACK	
Egbert Souse	Page 19
ARTISTS AS FUNDRAISERS	
Val Lewton	Page 21
ART: PETER DeANNA	
Andrea O. Dean	Page 21
THE MAILBOX	
PUBLIC NOTICES	Page 9
	Page 22



New Schools Exchange

# What if we get it?

SAM SMITH

ONE hundred and two years ago, when the District of Columbia was granted a territorial variant of what is optimistically called "home rule," the city held a three day celebration -- one day, as it turned out, for each year the city was to enjoy that status. The city quickly learned what Senator Thomas Eagleton put succinctly nine decades later: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." For under home rule, Congress doesn't surrender power; it merely delegates it. This delegation is revocable by a simple act of Congress. This is what happened in the 1870s and this is what could happen with any "home rule" bill that might, according to the cheerful predictions of the home rule lobby, emerge from Congress in the next few weeks.

Should the predictions prove correct, we can expect to see Walter Washington back on the streets of the city for the first time since Richard Nixon took office. He may even dance. He will be joined by those to whom home rule matters most -- mayors and council members apparent, nascent ward heelers, amateur pols, and a fair turnout of ordinary citizenry who have been told their entire lives that home rule will end their political misery. If you

look around, you'll probably find me there too, lifting a glass to the fascinating perversity of a democratic system that permits one of its most neglected offspring to take a step forward even as the rest of the country is tumbling towards fascism. Even in its small moment of triumph, the District will remain out of step with the remainder of America.

Of course, we may all turn out to be victims of the unaccustomed euphoria of the League of Women Voters and wake up October 10 with new cause to be mad at Joel Broyhill, Gerald Ford and a working majority of the House of Representatives. I suspect it all hinges on the relative number of debilitating hangovers among supporters and opponents of the House bill, the degree to which congressmen have been infected with morbid resignation to the inevitability of local progress, whether the measure can be sufficiently gutted to catch the swing vote, and a host of other issues quite unrelated to the one at hand other than the fact that the same congressmen have to vote on all of them. A successful drive for home rule depends upon sufficient congressional consciousness-lowering; the District must become unimportant

(Please turn to page 16)

# The last of the 'conspiracies?'

Informer William Lemmer  
LNS Photo



GAINESVILLE, FLA. — "What was there to deliberate? They never showed us any evidence. We could have come back in 10 minutes," said one juror at a victory party for the Gainesville 8. After less than four hours — including lunch — the jury, 7 women and five men (3 of whom were black) found the 8 members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization not guilty on all charges, August 31.

"Some of those people came into the jury room ready to vote but I told them the judge told us to look at the evidence and that's what we've got to do," Gerald Bennett, a 33-year old power company lineman and National Rifle Association member told the defendants. "But there wasn't any evidence against you boys. If there had been, I would have sent you up."

While in the jury room at one of the juror's suggestion, they requested a rereading of testimony about the attic meeting at defendant Scott Camil's home in May 1972 when the "conspiracy" was supposed to be hatched. How-

ever, none of the court reporter's records had been transcribed and they would have had to wait until after the Labor Day weekend for the recorder to come up from Jacksonville with the tapes. So they decided to rely on their own notes, which they were allowed to jot down only during recesses.

So in the four hours, they had a leisurely lunch, and played with the wrist rocket sling shots, checking to see if you really can hide it under your bell bottoms, as the prosecution said. You can't — it falls out. (While every weapon imaginable was mentioned in court — from M-16s to Thompson submachine guns to bazookas to anti-tank guns, only the wrist rocket sling shots were entered into evidence.) And then they came back out to the waiting courtroom of defendants, lawyers, family and reporters "with grins from ear to ear", as one woman described it.

Defense attorney Brady Coleman called the trial "a scenario of deceit." Sam Cunningham,

another lawyer said the defendants had been faced with "a trial by ambush."

The indictment accused the defendants of having planned to attack police in Miami Beach with wrist rocket sling shots with ball bearings, and fried marbles as ammunition in order to provoke them to attack peaceful demonstrators, thereby starting a riot. While this riot was occurring, "fire teams" of other vets would attack police stations, police cars and department stores in Miami with automatic weapons and incendiary devices, thereby forcing the cops to pull some of the police off Miami Beach and allowing the riot to continue.

The government's major witnesses — all of whom were informers — proceeded to pile on more charges than even were on the indictment. Political assassination squads (named by the government, "Phoenix II," after its own CIA-directed assassination squad in South Vietnam), homemade anti-personnel bombs, murder contracts, a request by Scott Camil to government informer Bill Lemmer that he find Scott a job with the CIA for \$14,000, were all mentioned by government witnesses.

It got to the point that defense attorney Larry Turner asked undercover cop Harrison Krenshaw, "Alton Foss said he was going to shoot cops with bazookas, Thompson submachine guns and throw rancid pig's blood on them. Did he mention B-52s and nuclear submarines?"

Sometimes things got so ridiculous you had to laugh. Other times it wasn't so funny.

*"We were sent to a foreign land to fight and to die — often alone and in agony — far from our homes — far from the towns and farms and cities where we came from — far from the peace of Gainesville. In truth, we are living, walking, talking Pentagon Papers. We are guilty only of having tried to tell the truth about our experience in Vietnam."*

— Statement from VVAW/WSO

The prosecution presented 28 witnesses. The defense presented only one. Government witnesses ranged from William Lemmer (the agent provocateur who had risen to be a regional coordinator of VVAW/WSO) down to the shipping clerk of the Saunders Archery Company who shipped the wrist rocket sling shots to the Wang Dang Doodle, a boutique where John Briggs, one of the defendants, worked.

Nine of the 28 witnesses testified about the sling shots. The shipping clerk testified yes, he had wrapped the boxes of wrist rocket sling shots and sent them to Wang Dang Doodle. A vice president of the First National Bank testified that John Briggs had the authority to sign checks for Wang Dang Doodle and put into evidence the check made out to the Saunders Archery Company. "The weapons for this mad diabolical conspiracy to attack people at the convention were paid for by check," observed one of the reporters covering the trial.

Another four witnesses were FBI and government agents who merely testified that they received no report from anyone of any conspiracy planned around the Republican Convention. This related to the charges against defendant Stan Michelson. Stan was not charged with conspiracy, but rather with misprision — knowing about the conspiracy but not reporting it.

Then there were a third group of witnesses, what Scott Camil in his closing statement called the "honest" group. There was the go-

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vernment chemist who said that a match had a better chance of blowing up a car than the potassium permanganate and glycerine mixture in a bottle that the prosecution said the defendants were planning to use and that Scott supposedly demonstrated.

Another was Mike Carr, a member of the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom who lived across the street from Camil. He said Scott had told him that VVAW was being harassed by the government. But when defense attorneys tried to pursue what Carr had told Jack Anderson — that Claude Meadow, the FBI man who sat at the prosecution table, told him before the indictment that "pressure was being put on to nail the radical vets," Judge Arnow would allow questioning to go no further.

After sitting through the testimony of informer after informer, Pete Mahoney went up to Carr to thank him for telling the truth.

The fourth group of witnesses were those under pressure — those that the government had something on. One example is Aaron Simonton who had attended a couple of meetings of VVAW. He left the Miami area very quickly in July 1972. His apartment had been broken into and his landlord told him that the police had something to do with it and he should go see them. When he did, they told him that they had raided his apartment and had found a sawed-off shotgun and a quantity of marijuana. They could press charges against him but they wouldn't. A few days after that, Simonton left Miami for Detroit. He was "interviewed" by the FBI about the Gainesville 8 case less than a month later in Detroit.

And then there were the informers — the people a conspiracy trial rests on. "You get two facts and an informer and you've got a conspiracy trial," said Pete Mahoney.

The conspiracy didn't hatch in William Lemmer's mind. But if some of the aspects of the conspiracy — fireteams armed with automatic weapons attacking police stations and police cars and garotting people — resemble things that Lemmer suggested, it's not surprising.

It wasn't just a case of Lemmer, like many other vets, going through a severe case of Post-Vietnam Syndrome. Since the time he joined the organization in the spring of 1971, he was working for the FBI. Lemmer was not an informer or merely a "political monitor," as he called himself, he was an agent-provocateur.

It was not just Lemmer who thought up some more of the more provocative ideas that he passed on to the organization. In his opening statement Jack Carrouth, the chief prosecutor, talked about how the vets planned to carry their wrist rocket sling shots onto Miami Beach "in their groin or hidden in their bell-bottomed pants." In part of the interviews between government witnesses and FBI agents that after much stalling were finally turned

over to the defense, was found this dialogue between Lemmer and his FBI contact, Richard O'Connell:

LEMMER: Sling shots were just impossible to conceal. They didn't fold down, they did.  
O'CONNELL: How about around the ankle, you were wearing bell bottoms...

LEMMER: That's good (laugh). You should have been there — good suggestion.

O'CONNELL: Did he bring that up?

LEMMER: No, not there.

O'CONNELL: What about the crotch area?

LEMMER: He didn't bring that up.

O'CONNELL: Did anyone bring that up?

LEMMER: No, not that I remember.

Judge Arnow would not allow the defense to read this into evidence.

Lemmer rose in the organization, supposedly because he always had money to attend meetings, while others couldn't afford to go, to become a regional coordinator.

Emerson Poe, who also testified, rose to be Florida State coordinator and assistant regional coordinator. "Not satisfied with just infiltrating VVAW, Emerson Poe also infiltrated my private life," said Scott Camil, in his closing statement. "And Mr. Meadow, was not

## PUBLICATION CHANGE

With this issue, the Gazette becomes a monthly year round. Several factors led to this decision. One was the Nixon economy, which has caused a major increase in our costs this year. Since we are not yet making money, this has meant we have lost more money. Another factor was that, with our small staff, a monthly schedule will permit more time to be expended on editorial matters and less on mechanical or production matters. We hope the paper will improve as a result.

It is no easy matter these days to publish an alternative newspaper, but with your support we aim to keep trying. It is worth noting that a month before the 1972 election, an Editor & Publisher poll showed that 548 daily papers with a circulation of 17.5 million had endorsed President Nixon. Thirty-eight dailies with a circulation of 1.4 million had endorsed McGovern. The New York Times alone accounted for 55% of all the pro-McGovern circulation. Obviously, the need for alternative voices remains substantial.

content with the infiltration of my private life up until the indictment, he was interested in Poe's cultivating a close relationship with me up until the day Poe testified."

Scott considered Poe his best friend. Scott ran a surprise birthday party for Nancy McCowan, the woman he lived with, at Poe's farm. Scott and Nancy often babysat for Poe's child. They went over to the farm to console Poe's wife when she had a miscarriage and to see Poe when he was laid up with a bad back. Yet all this while, Poe was working for the FBI and reporting every conversation he had with Camil to Meadow. Poe claimed he was informing for the FBI "for my wife and boy. I didn't want people making revolution, causing havoc, getting my boy involved." Yet it is the same son he let these two dangerous people babysit for.

It was not just a question of friendship betrayed. Because unlike even Carl Becker (an FBI agent as well as formerly being Pete Mahoney's best friend), Poe had contact with Camil up to the very last minute before he testified. Scott discussed the case with him — who he thought were agents, what kind of defense they were planning to present, etc. Poe even attended a defense meeting.

The defense asked for a mistrial, and later that Poe not be allowed to testify on the grounds that he had "invaded the defense camp." They also pointed out that government prosecutor Guy Goodwin had sworn in court that



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"A good newspaper should comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

— Anonymous

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none of the people subpoenaed before the grand jury which had issued the indictments for the case were informers. Poe was one of those people. Judge Arnow found no invasion of the defense camp, made no comment on Goodwin, and let Poe testify.

But even with his close relationship with one of the defendants, he didn't fare too well. Like most agents he mostly answered, "I don't recall" when asked anything ranging from what was discussed at meetings (other than two sentences on violence) to how many times he met Scott. Lemmer and Becker had particularly terrible memories about their salaries from the FBI.

As Scott Camil said in his closing statement, "There is plenty of evidence of conspiracy but not a conspiracy of VVAW or even of a splinter group [the government had accused the conspirators of being a radical splinter group of VVAW]. It was a government conspiracy to destroy VVAW and if there ever was a splinter group it was all these informers, not us. . . It's not really 11 years to 1984 — it's closer than that."

IN the 14 months leading up to the trial, more and more kept coming out about the connections between the Gainesville 8 and Watergate. James McCord in his testimony before the Ervin Committee claimed that the reason why he had participated in the break-in was that there was going to be violence at the Republican Convention. The only organization he named in this connection was VVAW/WSO.

Vincent Hannard, a Miami private investigator was contacted by Bernard Barker, Frank Sturgis and someone using an alias that E. Howard Hunt is known to use. They all mentioned VVAW and described the task as covert intelligence and instigation.

"It was clear from what they said," said Hannard, "that I was supposed to incite trouble or riots from the anti-war groups. I was told it would be activity pertaining to the conventions and an opportunity to travel. There would be great rewards when the president was elected.

"Basically we had to expose the VVAW as being pink and communist and all this stuff. I was wanted because of my reputation as an investigator rather than an infiltrator. He turned down the job when he was offered \$1500 a week. It seemed to him that any job offering that much must be really dangerous.

Once the trial started the connections between Watergate and the Gainesville 8 seemed on the verge of uncovering themselves. The day the trial began two FBI agents were found with a suitcase full of electronic equipment in a telephone equipment room right next to the defense office in the courthouse.

When it turned out that one of the agents found next door had been working on the case, Arnow would not allow the questioning of the two agents to go on anymore. After four hearings, Judge Arnow ruled that there was no evidence of bugging or surveillance.

Arnow acted similarly whenever the stench of Watergate or governmental "dirty tricks" in the case got a little too much. Questions about whether informers were ever contacted by CREEP were out of order. Questions about FBI policy were not allowed. At the mention of the word Watergate itself Arnow would take the jury out and threaten whoever said it with contempt.

He instructed the federal marshalls who were guarding the jury while they were sequestered that they were to cut out anything in the magazines the jury was getting that had to do with any crime. There was a furor during the trial when one of the jurors — Donna Bannister — was brought a copy of a Time Magazine by her husband. The marshall cut nearly half of the articles out of the magazine — articles talking about the Ervin Committee, impeachment, even letters to the editor. "The judge claims Watergate has nothing to do with the case — then why was the magazine cut up that way?" asked Donna's husband Phil.

Arnow's rulings didn't stop with that. One time, in questioning Carl Becker whether there was an agreement by the defendants to do anything (according to law, to have a conspiracy, there must be an agreement), defense lawyer Morton Stavis, frustrated that questions in his own words were stopped, started reading from the indictment: "Did John Briggs, Scott Camil... agree to organize, promote, encourage, participate in a riot?" Arnow stopped him from asking that question.

Bill Patterson, who had been defending himself and who Arnow had threatened to gag at least once, finally said under his breath, "If we can't defend ourselves against the indictment, what can we defend ourselves against?"

When it came time for the defense to present their case, they decided that the govern-

# Packing the corridor

Below is a summary of an important new report prepared by the Coalition on Optimum Growth. The full report can be obtained by sending \$1 to Co-Opt, 1714 Mass. Ave. NW.

A REPORT of the Arlington Committee on Optimum Growth (Co-Opt) on alternative redevelopment proposals for the Rosslyn-Ballston Corridor examines each of three growth alternatives offered by the county in a 1972 report and suggests that all may cost more than they return in enlarged tax base, increased commercial vitality, or whatever other advantages are claimed for them.

Although the report makes no attempt to rack up a balance sheet, it brings to light many adverse consequences of the kinds of growth suggested for the R-B corridor, consequences not identified or alluded to in documents so far issued.

The report points out that the three alternatives considered by the county planning division assume major increased growth in both residents and day-time employees. Basic to the three plans is the bull's eye concept, which relies upon obtaining high intensity development at each Metro station and decreasing intensity moving away from the stations. In addition, all three plans contain 14 "assumptions" about such questions as preservation of single-family neighborhoods adjacent to the corridor and preservation of major existing commercial areas such as Virginia Square and Parkington.

Co-Opt's report points out, however, that none of the plans indicate the methods whereby these assumptions will be achieved. Many of them will be undermined by the strong adverse forces generated by redevelopment. The history of Rosslyn and Crystal City's development should warn of the difficulties of attempting to direct growth without adequate regard for market forces. Merely enumerating a "desirable" development mix is insufficient.

Advocates of active Rosslyn-Ballston corridor growth claim that it will maintain and increase Arlington's tax base and thereby improve Arlington. Recent studies in other communities are challenging this conventional wisdom. Although the tax base may be increased, costs and other consequences of such un-managed growth can more than offset the alleged increased tax benefits. The report argues that it is too early to conclude that either Rosslyn or Crystal City developments have benefitted Arlington or even been a net contributor to Arlington's relatively advantageous tax structure. The full costs of these developments have not yet come home to roost — for example, major road improvements still to be made, full costs of air and water pollution still not accounted for, high costs to provide adequate open space and parks near these centers not yet paid, and other costs associated with preservation and enhancement of quality of life, not yet determined.

In discussing the population of Arlington and the R-B corridor, Co-Opt points out that Arlington is already what some urban specialists

ment had done a good job for them. "Ladies and gentlemen," Attorney Doris Peterson told the jury, "I have a very nice surprise, something I'm sure you'll be both pleased and surprised to hear. After listening to what the government calls its case, we will call one witness." They called a chemist who testified that the glycerine and potassium permanganate concoction that the government claimed was an explosive wasn't really since it didn't explode.

The jury had learned a lot during the trial. Hardly two weeks into the trial, five of them wrote a letter to the judge saying they, like the defense and several members of the press, suspected their phones were tapped.

And one juror, Mary Ann Henderson (who is in her late 50s) told the defendants after the trial was over, "I wish I understood all those things about the government 20 years ago."

Before the jury came in with the verdict, Arnow stationed all 12 marshalls in the courtroom and warned everyone that if there was any kind of reaction from anyone in the courtroom they would be taken out. Everyone stood quietly.

The jury came in with broad smiles. Arnow was handed the verdict and turned pale. As the first person — Don Perdue — was found not guilty, Pete Mahoney put his hand on Don's shoulder. When the others were announced, Stan Michelson went around hugging each one silently. After Scott Camil, who had extra charges against him (which could have given him 20 years in jail and a \$30,000 fine as opposed to the other defendants who could have received 5 years and a \$10,000 fine), defense attorney Larry Turner bolted up with two fists in the air.

Finally, as Judge Arnow left the courtroom, the jury and the defendants and their families and their lawyers rushed at each other, hugging, laughing, crying and clapping. They all left together for the victory parties.

"The verdict is obviously a verdict of the people," said Morton Stavis later. "I hope the government gets the message and puts an end to this sort of prosecution."

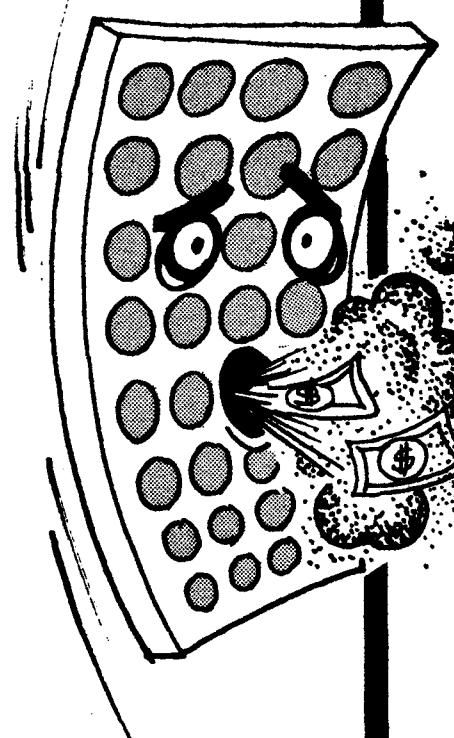
"In spite of all this joy and elation," said Pete Mahoney, after it was all over, "I can't forget the government put me through 14 months of hell."

— LNS

describe as a "mature" suburb, almost more urban than suburban. The county's 1970 population density was over 6,700 persons per square mile, and this density would increase by 1990 to as much as 9,500 per square mile, if the proposed R-B plans are adopted and the unfinished development plans elsewhere in the county are brought to completion. Only 17 cities of over 10 square miles in area in the United States have a higher density at present than 9,500 persons per square mile. R-B alternative plan No. 2 would, for example, more than double the present resident population in the R-B corridor, and provide a density within the corridor of 19,000 persons per square mile.

Of possibly greater concern is the effect of redevelopment on the socio-economic characteristics of Arlington's population. Redevelopment of the R-B corridor under any of the three alternatives, but especially under plan No. 2, would accelerate the trend toward Arlington becoming a county of apartment dwellers composed chiefly of affluent singles, childless couples and the elderly. Arlington has been losing its family character throughout the past decade, but these proposed plans would intensify the rate of that loss rather than attempting to stabilize or reverse it.

The Co-Opt report also points out that all three alternatives envision large increases in the day-time employee population within the corridor — that is, in-county workers who reside outside the county. The entire issue of daytime worker population has not received suf-



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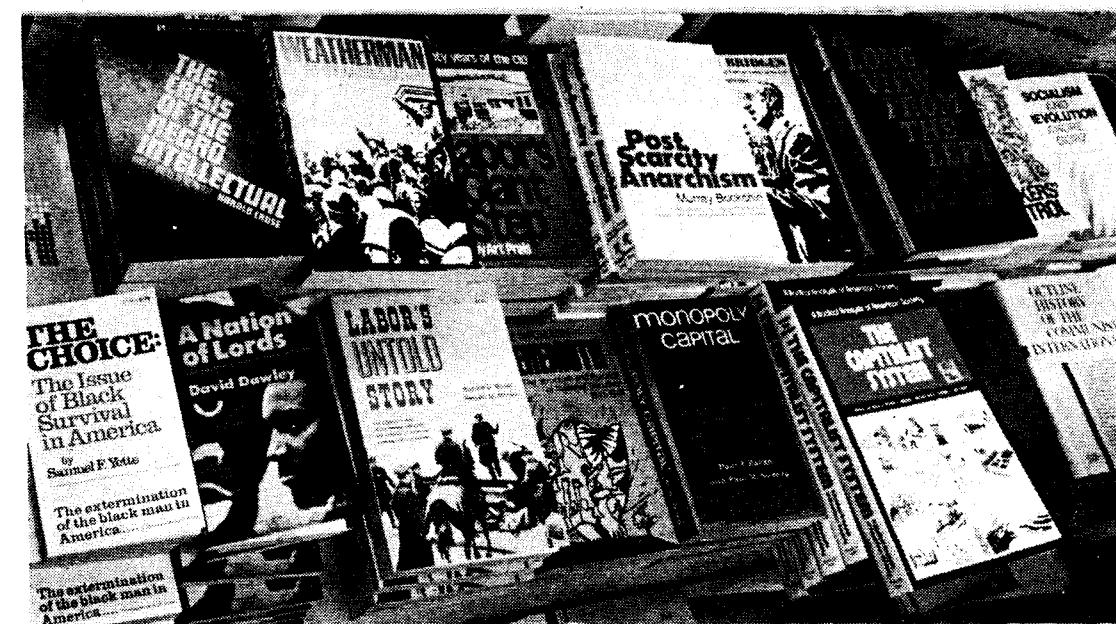
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ficient attention by the county government. An excessive proportion of daytime workers relative to residential population has been shown elsewhere to give rise to serious problems of crime, pollution, traffic congestion and other undesirable consequences. The ratio of daytime workers to resident population would go as high as 85 per cent, using employment figures by the Council of Governments, a much higher ratio than exists in other U.S. cities.

Two major sections of the Co-Opt report discuss whether basic utilities such as water, sewers, sewage treatment, solid waste handling and transportation; and public services such as schools, parks, fire and police protection, libraries and human resources, are being fully considered in the review of R-B corridor alternatives. It is quite clear, the report argues, that the necessary costs of most of these have not been adequately put into the equation.

The utility infrastructure and public services network should be designed and in place prior to, and in phase with, major development, not added as a tag-along and catch-up after development has already occurred. A full inventory of improvements required, and their related costs, should be publicly aired, Co-Opt contends, prior to decisions to allow zoning and go-ahead on major development.

As an example, the report notes that the county-wide average acreage of county owned parks and open space, including school yards and playfields, is 5.4 acres per 1,000 persons, about half the 10 acres recommended by the National Recreation Association. But this ratio varies widely among the junior high school districts and smaller subdivisions within the county.

Within the present R-B corridor, the situation is already critical, for there is an average of only 0.92 acres per 1,000 residential population. To raise the ratio to 5 acres per 1,000 (less than the present county-wide average), Arlington would need 127.5 additional acres in the corridor. If proposed redevelopment of the R-B corridor should be allowed, even more acreage would be required, up to as much as 133 extra acres.

The Co-Opt report concludes with a number of policy recommendations. Some are general; others relate specifically to the R-B corridor. The general recommendations are:

- The County Board should adopt a county growth policy before approving major developments in the R-B corridor.
- The County Board should adopt a policy which makes development dependent upon prior

provision of adequate basic utilities and orderly phasing-in of other public services.

• The County Board should take steps (through the state legislature, if necessary) to limit speculation in and adjacent to high density areas and to recapture for the public the capital gains from increased land values due to public investments in utilities and public services. Capital gains and turnover taxes are ideas worth pursuing.

• The County Board should consider adoption of a land reserve policy, an urban land bank of land held for future need.

• The County Board should require the preparation of a social/economic/environment impact statement for each proposed major change in zoning or development; a statement which attempts to specify the community need to be served as well as the consequences of proposed development.

With regard to the R-B corridor specifically, Co-Opt recommends:

- County Planning staff should prepare a minimum development alternative for R-B, which can be used as a "strawman" by citizens to compare with other alternatives.
- The County Board should initiate a commercial conservation program, especially in the Clarendon area, to help small businesses stabilize and improve their situation.



## "BREZH, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THOSE MEDALS?"

THE World Theatre in New York — one of the most popular x-rated movie theatres in the nation — has launched its own protest against the tough new pornography laws.

The World said that it is temporarily canceling such films as *Deep Throat* and *High Rise* in favor of tamer flicks. Owner Robert Sumner reports that his first "new-image" film is called *The Werewolf of Washington* — which is the story of a presidential press secretary who lives in the Watergate complex and who bites enemies of the Chief Executive to death.

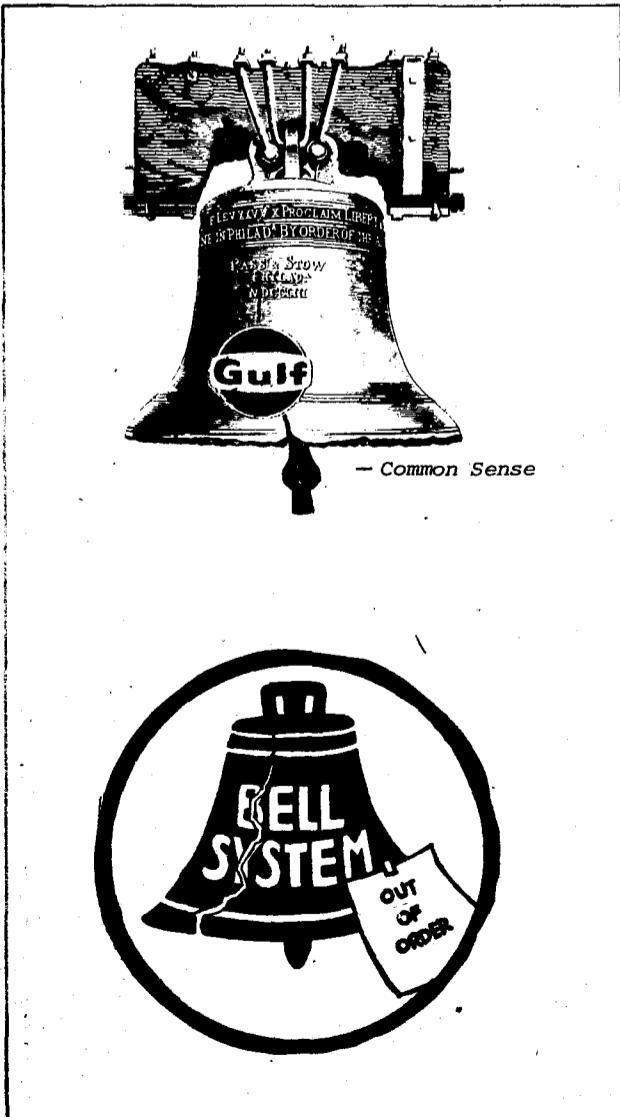
*The Werewolf of Washington* is rated G.P.

— ZNS

ACCORDING TO THE STAR-NEWS, "To eliminate a potential breeding place for crime, Metro will not have public restrooms at any of its 86 subway stations." Aside from the fact that this would appear to be a violation of District health laws, the decision adds the incontinent to the long list of people Metro doesn't intend to serve.

WHEN ASKED IN EARLY 1971 whether a Laotian invasion was in the works, Presidential press secretary Ronald Ziegler replied: "The President is aware of what is going on in Southeast Asia. That is not to say anything is going on in Southeast Asia."

ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS BUREAU, the city lost 16,149 housing units through demolition between 1960 and 1970. That's about a quarter of a billion dollars worth of housing destroyed — much of it as a result of government action.



# NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD

A NEW store in Louisville, Kentucky — called Call-a-Mart — has begun operations... as a computerized grocery store.

This is how it works: customers telephone the store and engage in a three-way conversation with a computer and a key-punch operator. The customer reads off a number corresponding to a product from a catalog — 24-H-10, for example, is white bread — and the computer responds with the price. The caller can then order the item, and the key punch operator types up the order. Workers along computer-guided conveyor belts in a warehouse fill the orders, and the computer figures out the best delivery route. The callers are asked to specify a delivery time so they can accept and pay for the order, and if the order is placed before noon, same-day service is guaranteed.

The Call-a-Mart is the second such effort tried in the U.S. The first computerized market — in San Diego, California — went bankrupt in 11 days because it was so successful it couldn't fill all its orders. The founder of Call-a-Mart, Mark Weiss, decided to start his operation more slowly. So far there are only 3000 members — who pay a \$5 membership fee — and at first only 500 members a day were allowed to place orders.

The market is doing so well now that Weiss says his concept will do to supermarkets what supermarkets did to Mom and Pop stores. —ENS

THE National Lawyers Guild is planning to file a federal court suit this Fall demanding that the 1972 presidential election be declared invalid because of the Watergate scandal.

The Guild reports that a team of legal researchers is currently involved in "a legal research and factual investigation" into the Watergate case and into laws regarding elections.

Although no U.S. presidential election has ever been overturned on grounds of fraud, the Guild said it was studying case histories of local federal elections which had been reversed because of unlawful activities. —ZNS

IF you are paying a few extra bucks to buy an expensive brand of beer, you're probably getting ripped off.

According to studies conducted at the California State Polytechnic University in Pomona, all beers — from the most expensive ones to the cheapest ones — taste the same. Assistant professor Frederick Meeker selected 20 volunteers — ten who insisted they were connoisseurs of expensive brews and ten others who had no preferences.

The twenty then took their time sampling unmarked beers — from the finest imported booze available down to the cheapest brews — and not one of the twenty could tell the difference among the four beers. Meeker conducted similar experiments with both scotch and bourbon of varying prices, and came up with the same results.

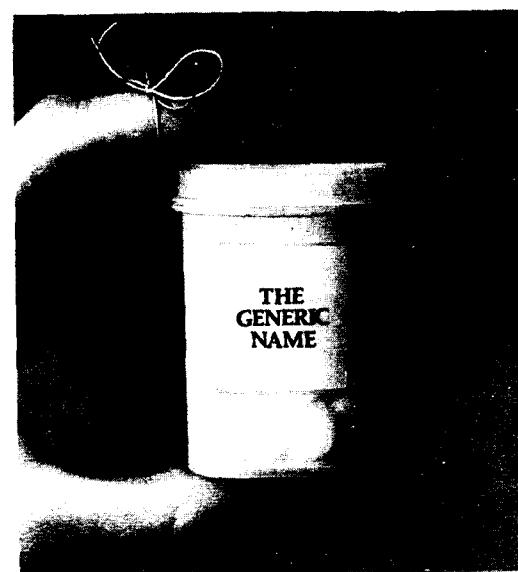
—ZNS

A STUDY by the Environmental Protection Agency indicates that apartment dwellers and office workers in downtown areas may be constantly breathing in as much carbon monoxide as is inhaled by street pedestrians.

E.P.A. investigators said that they compared the poisonous carbon monoxide levels at ground levels outside buildings with those inside the building: they reported that they found no significant difference between the two — particularly in older buildings with poorer insulation.

In one case, they found that the levels of poisonous exhaust sometimes exceeded federal safety standards in a room on the 32nd floor of a building. The E.P.A. suggested that new buildings should be located at greater distances from roadways when possible, that they should be more carefully insulated and that ventilation systems should be installed to carry away exhaust fumes.

—ZNS



A PROFESSIONAL latrine keeper has sued the makers of the movie Woodstock — charging them with invasion of his privacy.

Thomas Taggart of Keyport, New Jersey, has filed a \$1.25 million law suit against Warner Brothers because they used a sequence of Taggart, working away on portable latrines, in the Woodstock film. Taggart had been dispatched to the 1969 New York festival by his employers, the Port-O-San Company, to set up portable toilets at the festival. Unbeknownst to him at the time, filmmakers shot scenes of him doing his thing.

Taggart first attempted to have the scenes deleted, but a New Jersey court ruled against him: the judge in the case noted that the latrine scene made a "significant and memorable contribution" to Woodstock's overall impact. Taggart, the toilet-maker, has now taken his case to the U.S. Court of Appeals, which announced that it would review his predicament.

—ZNS

THE Bristol-Myers Company has announced another ecological break-through: the company is now marketing women's disposable panties guaranteed to be "biodegradable."

For a mere 79 cents, a woman can purchase three pairs of Bristol-Myers "Flings Bikini Briefs," and has a choice between powder blue, pale pink or basic white. She simply puts them on in the morning and throws them away that night — with the comforting assurance that she's doing nothing to upset the environment. Bristol-Myers insists that the panties aren't made of "paper" — but of "non-woven cellulosic rayon." And it adds that biodegradable bras will soon be offered too.

Like all new gimmicks, however, there's a catch: the government requires that each package of flings include this message: "Warning: Fabric will be dangerously flammable if dry cleaned or washed."

—ZNS



SAMPLE VOTER, as selected by Oliver Quayle organization, interviewed by noted Washington correspondent.

THE Sierra Club reports that the area surrounding the 800-mile route of the proposed Alaska pipeline has been hit by 23 large earthquakes — with a Richter scale rating of six or more — in the last 70 years.

According to the Interior Department's final environmental impact statement on the pipeline, a major earthquake is very likely to hit the southern portion of the pipeline sometime during its proposed lifetime. The Interior Department said: "Strong ground motion and large ground displacement accompanying such an earthquake could damage — even rupture — the proposed pipeline."

A single rupture in the pipeline would be environmentally disastrous: if the 800-mile long pipeline is built and filled, each mile of pipe will contain twice as much oil as was spilled in the entire Santa Barbara oil disaster in 1969.

—ZNS

A FORMER musician named "King-Size" Taylor, an old acquaintance of the Beatles from their early days of 1962, has uncovered some never-distributed tapes of the very early Beatles.

According to Taylor, he purchased the rights to the tape "for the price of a few drinks" when the Beatles were appearing in Hamburg, Germany, in 1962. At the time, the four unknowns from Liverpool had short hair and were living in a squalid apartment without heat during a lean and hungry winter.

William Marshall, a writer for the Daily Mirror, says that he has heard the old tapes and believes there's enough material included for at least two L.P.'s. Some music industry people estimate that the tape may be worth as much as \$20 million today.

Taylor, who has since left the entertainment business to become a butcher, says that he wants a quarter of a million dollars and a percentage of the royalties if the material is released. In order to be distributed, the former Beatles and Apple Records would have to agree to the release. Taylor says he is now attempting to work out a deal with everyone involved.

—ZNS

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**DISTRICT**

ONCE AGAIN, the District government is asking residents to tell it what they think is important. As it has the last two years, the District is holding workshops in each of the nine service areas to receive citizen recommendations on the proposed 1964 budget and grant program. Three evening workshops are being held in each area. Suggestions made at the meetings will be presented to Mayor Walter E. Washington for

— Star-News

ONE of America's first X-rated motels — the Lucky Star Motel in East Pasadena, California — is doing a booming business.

The Lucky Star is typical of the latest thing in motels in Southern California. The motel offers mirrors on the walls and ceilings of its room, waterbeds and special "day rates" for couples. Such erotica as wall-sized blow-ups of Marilyn Monroe's lips decorate some of the rooms. But the motel's biggest attractions are the hardcore porno movies it beams into its rooms via closed circuit t.v.

For \$14, a couple can rent a room for the afternoon and choose from a wide selection of movies — including *Deep Throat*. The Lucky Star and other x-rated motels have been busted on various obscenity charges — but the business they are doing is attracting even more motels into the field. Robert Donahue, the owner of the Lucky Star, insists that the mirrors, movies and incense are just the beginning.

Donahue is all ready to make deals to acquire specially mounted polaroid cameras, equipped with delayed switches, so that couples can photograph their own activities. And, as if that weren't going far enough, the Lucky Star hopes to provide some rooms with complete videotape machines so that customers can tape their techniques and then play back their activities on their private t.v. set. Boasts Donahue: "Couples will be able to study their performance like golfers do." He quickly adds that the tape machines will be equipped with a sure-fire erase unit that will destroy the recordings before the couples leave the room. — ZNS

ACCORDING to the American Medical Association, one of the latest drug fads to crop up around the United States is the chloroform party.

The current issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association says that youths in Central Wisconsin have been having parties where a bottle of chloroform is passed around and each participant inhales the vapors from a saturated cloth. According to Doctor William Storms of the University of Wisconsin Medical Center, the high is short-lived and does not leave any tell-tale signs.

However, the doctor further reports that many participants have been not only whiffing, but actually drinking the chloroform. The A.M.A. states that there have been documented instances where severe liver damage has resulted from drinking the chloroform along with small quantities of beer; the Association warns that drinking chloroform can cause coma, liver damage and even death. — ZNS

A WASHINGTON, D.C. consumer's group has filed a complaint with the Federal Trade Commission over a book being distributed to many schoolchildren called *The Story of Candy*.

The Center for Science in the Public Interest charges in its complaint that the book, which is being sent to schools by the National Confectioners Association, is packed with much misinformation about sugar. One section of *The Story of Candy* tells children that eating candy can help them lose weight because candy "works to depress the appetite and acts as an aid to the weight watcher." Another section of the book explains that candy can sometimes be an important medicine because it acts as a "fever fighter" and that it "prevents vomiting, diarrhea and convulsions."

The book even attacks the idea that candy and tooth decay are related: it states that "dental investigators have done much to sweep away the older ideas about sugar's negative relation to the dental health."

The Center for Science has called on the F.T.C. to take action against the book and to monitor all commercial material that is sent to schools for children's use. — ZNS

A 25-YEAR-OLD law student has filed a suit against the government after he was arrested and jailed for carrying an "Impeach Nixon" sign during President Nixon's public appearance.

The suit has been filed by Rich Grawey of Peoria, Illinois, who was standing in a crowd in Pekin, Illinois, on June 15th, waiting for Nixon to appear. According to Grawey, he arrived early — at about 9:30 a.m. — carrying his sign and was greeted by a few scattered "boos." Then a uniformed Pekin policeman approached him and warned him about carrying a "dangerous weapon." The officer said that the sign pole could be used as a dangerous club. According to Grawey, when he protested that umbrellas in the audience could also be used as clubs, four plainclothesmen approached him and also complained about his "dangerous weapon."

After a few minutes of arguing, Grawey reluctantly agreed to leave the area and remove the pole — if he would then be permitted to return to the crowd. Once outside, however, he says he was told he would not be permitted inside again. Grawey says a 20-minute argument ensued which ended with him shoved to the ground, being choked and handcuffed. When friends of his attempted to take pictures, Grawey says that a police sharp-shooter on a nearby roof yelled: "No pictures! No pictures! I can't tell the difference between a camera and a gun."

Grawey was then taken to the Pekin jail where he was charged with possessing a dangerous weapon and disorderly conduct. He was released from his cell shortly after Nixon left Pekin, and all charges were later dropped. A few days after the incident, which was witnessed by an Associated Press reporter, Pekin officials released a statement explaining — for the first time — that Grawey had been arrested for his own protection. — ZNS

TWO Baltimore researchers have reported that the use of certain stimulants to calm hyperactive children in schools often leads to dramatic height and weight suppression.

Doctor Daniel Safer and psychologist Richard Allen — both of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine — said that their study of 63 hyperactive children in the Baltimore area who were being given either dextroamphetamine or ritalin showed that the children had a 25 per cent reduction in their expected height gain and a 38 per cent reduction in expected weight gains.

Both dextroamphetamine and ritalin are common stimulants. They are used by many elementary schools in behavior modification programs to calm down hyperactive children. Though the drugs have a stimulating effect on adults, they seem to have the opposite effect on hyperactive children.

Dr. Safer estimated that approximately one per cent of all elementary school children in the U.S. are taking the pills under school programs. Safer emphasized in his final report that further studies need to be done on "the chronic use of drugs in children to evaluate their effects on growth."

Tackwood says he is afraid he may be killed while in jail, either by fellow prisoners he has informed on, or by the police. A citizen's research committee has sent a telegram on Tackwood's behalf to special prosecutor Archibald Cox, asking Cox to provide Tackwood with federal protection while he is in jail. — ZNS

LOUIS Tackwood, the former Los Angeles police informer who switched sides in 1971 and reported alleged police and F.B.I. plots to incite violence, has been locked up in solitary confinement in a Los Angeles jail.

Tackwood was arrested in August on a reported drunkenness charge, and is now imprisoned without bail on a variety of parole violation counts. Tackwood, back in October 1971, called a dramatic press conference in Los Angeles to announce he had been a paid police informer.

He then proceeded to spell out a bizarre plot he claimed had been hatched by police and F.B.I. leaders to violently disrupt the 1972 Republican convention, which was then scheduled to be held in San Diego. Tackwood, who spilled out his incredible tale long before the Watergate story broke, claimed that police and federal agents were planning to violently disrupt the G.O.P. convention and perhaps even murder delegates in order to swing public opinion against radicals and the Democrats.

Tackwood specifically mentioned the two higher-ups he had allegedly discussed the violence plan with — agents whom he said used the names "Martin" and "White;" a year after Tackwood voiced his charges, it was learned that these names were often used as code-names by James McCord and E. Howard Hunt.

THE college yearbook from U.C.L.A. back in 1948 indicates that times — and people — don't change very much.

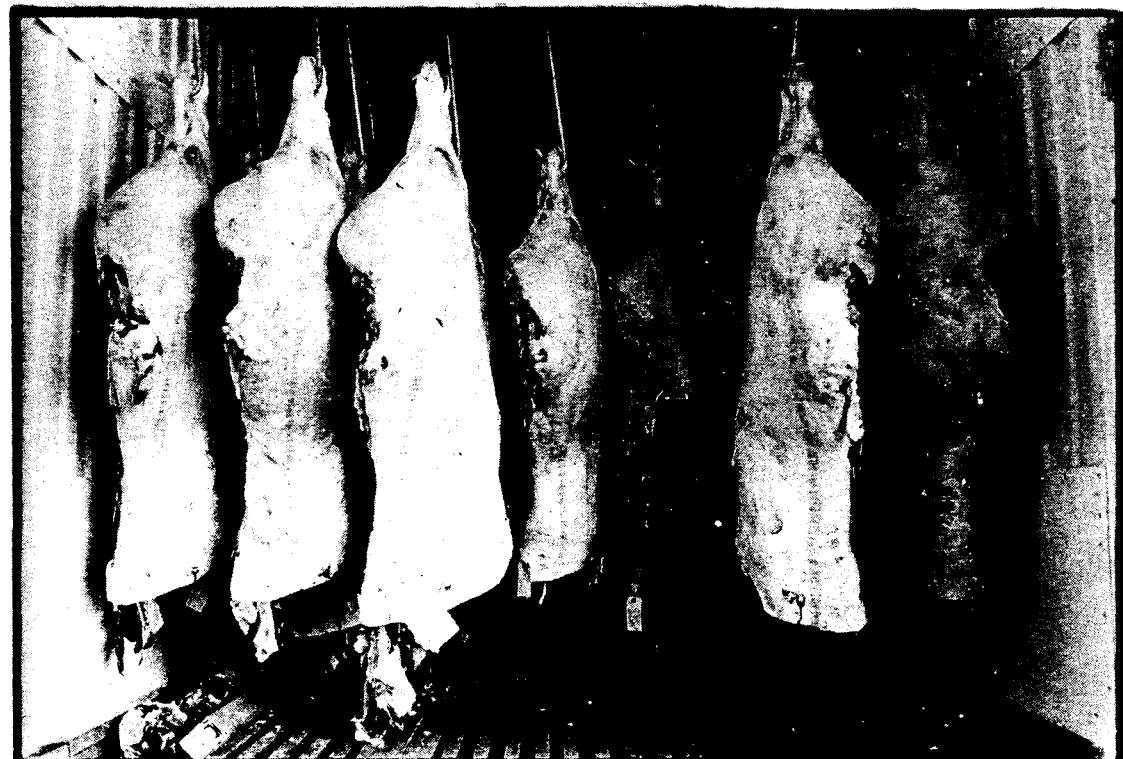
Pictured on one page of the yearbook is college senior John Ehrlichman: under Ehrlichman's photo is the caption "pulling wires behind the scenes has kept Kappa Sig John Ehrlichman out of the limelight, but he was a potent political power nonetheless." — ZNS

WHERE is Checkers today? The earthly remains of the Nixon's small dog are lying in a casket under a \$71 plot in a Long Island pet cemetery. Checkers is reported to have passed away of natural causes in 1964 at the age of 12; and his small body is now interred under a headstone that reads, simply "Checkers," includes his birth and death dates, and the word "Nixon."

The Bide-a-Wee Cemetery reports that none of the Nixons have visited the grave site for at least the past five years; but the Nixon family, like clock-work, does send the cemetery a three-dollar check each year so that Checkers' final resting place is cared for.

The cemetery itself has been placing fresh flowers and a small American flag at the grave site "to make it look nice."

CLIP AND POST IN YOUR FREEZER COMPARTMENT



— LNS

# THE MAIL BOX

## CLEAN COUNTRY

W K C W Radio in Warrenton, Virginia (better known as Big "K") has been privileged to be a part of the country music industry by broadcasting country music since 1960. During this period of time, we have met many of the present and past country music artists and consider quite a number of them as personal friends. In the past 12 to 18 months, it seems that more and more artists feel it is necessary to use DAMN and HELL in order to have a hit. If they don't use the aforementioned words, they are resorting to suggestive sex, drugs, etc., in their recordings. We do not feel this is necessary in order to have a #1 hit record.

We at Big "K" are not condemning these recordings. We can advise against playing these records; we cannot stop it throughout the country, but, we can stop subjecting our listeners to records and songs which are offensive to them and everyone's families.

In closing, we would like to say that Big "K" at one time, was the only country music station in Northern Virginia. Now there are many. As long as we, the present management, have anything to do with Big "K", we will stay country even if we have to play nothing but good, clean country music from the pre-1970 days. We invite each and every writer, artist, publisher and recording company to join us and help clean up our pollution problem and produce the All American Country Sound for all Country Music Radio Stations with records we can play and enjoy with the whole family.

STEWART L. BROOKS  
Manager, WKCW

consequences of their actions; but, better still, they were aware of the consequences to themselves and their personhood if they took no action. In their words, they would have preferred to "die like men on the sidewalk rather than live like animals at the D.C. Jail."

I was there, and I talked to them. While they were very serious in their demands, they were not plotting to take anyone's life. They simply wanted a fair hearing for their demands. When they were heard, among other promises, they received the promise of amnesty for their actions during the disturbance. They have now been double crossed; hence, the grand jury proceeding.

My most outstanding memory of that disturbance was the maturity in judgment and actions shown by the inmate leadership. Their very rational attitudes and actions prevented any bloodshed. At the time, a cross-section of community people, officials and leadership came forth to praise the inmate leadership, including the man to whose head the gun was being held, former Corrections Chief, Kenneth Hardy.

What does the U.S. Attorney's Office want? Certainly not more disturbances at D.C. Jail and Lorton. The conditions which led up to the October disturbance still exist. The inmate population is still seething; sit-downs are occurring weekly at D.C. Jail and the Women's Detention Center. I can only assume that the U.S. Attorney is absolutely stark raving mad!

Last October the inmate leadership acted in good faith. Now they have been double crossed. This word has been received by the present inmate leadership. If a reoccurrence of last October's disturbance comes about, what will the present inmate leadership do? Act in good faith?

MARY TREADWELL BARRY

## THE DC JAIL CASE

I WAS appalled, though not surprised to learn that a secret grand jury had been convened to investigate, and possibly to hand down indictments against, the leaders of the disturbance at D.C. Jail last October.

We all know that the disturbance occurred because of the very real grievances held by the inmate population against the D.C. Corrections Department. Normal channels of redress were exhausted with no corrective results; communication had ceased. The inmate leadership ended up in a life-and-death situation to dramatize their grievances. They were aware of the

THE D.C. Democratic Central Committee demands that the promises made to the inmates of the D.C. Jail during the uprisings be kept. Amnesty was promised and that promise must be rigidly adhered to if peace is to be maintained in the correctional facility. U.S. Attorney, Harold Titus is currently seeking indictments against the same men who were praised for exercising restraint during the uprisings. This must not happen! We strongly oppose this action and urge the Grand Jury to do likewise.

WILLIAM LUCY, Chairman  
DC Democratic Central Committee

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"IN God We Trust" is stamped on our coins. "So Help Me God" is incorporated in our traditional oath upon taking public office. And 7 young people were convicted by a Superior Court jury on Sept. 6 because they stepped from the tourist line at the White House to pray for an end to the bombing in Cambodia.

Judge Daly might well reconsider his decision on the basis that the White House has not yet preempted God, however much it might like to.

JANET N. NEUMAN  
NW WASHINGTON

## CORRESPONDENT WANTED

SIR, I am an inmate that's presently incarcerated in a correctional institution in Lucasville, Ohio.

Mr. Editor, we are now permitted to write and receive letters from anyone that we wish. I am writing this letter to see if I could get it published in my hometown paper.

Sir, I have no living family, and I don't receive any mail from anyone. I would be more than greatful to you if you would print my letter.

If anyone wishes to write, but do not know what to write about. Please be informed.

I love children's, music, art's astrology sports and all educational subjects. It doesn't really matter what you write about, just write to me. You have no idea what a letter would mean to me.

I will answer all letters, and any questions that you may have, weather it or they be about the institution or myself. Please write someone, anyone. I am waiting to hear from you.

If you wish to write you may address your letters to.

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We also welcome letters to the editor, photographs, and announcements. Our deadlines are:

2nd Tuesday: Feature articles  
3rd Tuesday: Ads, announcements

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## BOOKS BY GAZETTE WRITERS

### JOEL SIEGEL

VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR. Viking Press, 1973. \$6.95 hardback, \$2.75 paperback. Available at Discount Books, Brentano's and the Nickelodeon.

### JAMES RIDGEWAY

THE LAST PLAY: THE STRUGGLE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES. Dutton 1973. \$10.

### CHUCK STONE

TELL IT LIKE IT IS. Trident 1968  
BLACK POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. Bobbs-Merrill 1968 hardback; Dell 1969 paperback.

KING STRUT. Bobbs-Merrill 1970.

### LARRY CUBAN

TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE: TEACHING IN THE INNER CITY (Free Press, 1970)  
YOUTH AS A MINORITY (National Council for Social Studies) 1972  
BLACK MAN IN AMERICA (Scott, Foresman, 1964; Revised 1971)  
PROMISE OF AMERICA (Scott, Foresman 1971) Philip Roden co-author.

## SE CITIZENS ASSN. LIVES

(The following was received by a congressman.)

THE Capitol Hill Southeast Citizens Association again votes against Home Rule, as it has done for years. (This is the Nation's Capital and does not belong to the D.C. Government.)

Following are some of the many reasons why this organization is opposed:

1. The District Government is not interested in the welfare of the City, since it is the Nation's Capital; it merely desires to collect cash.

2. This association has not been able to contact the District Government for help during the past five years, except it sends in reports to the Zoning Board and Board of Zoning Adjustment. Both of those agencies are usually most cooperative.

3. It is forced to apply to the House District Committee and Congress all of the time

in order to aid and preserve the Nation's Capital.

4. Mr. Armistead Peter, in Georgetown, pays next to the highest taxes on residential property and has ONE vote only. Mr. Ousley, President of this organization owns property (not only on the Hill) but in the SOUTH and he votes in the SOUTH.

5. Members of Congress and the Congressional set have to vote in the states that elect them; they do not vote here.

6. The Diplomatic Corps and the various Embassies with their employees do not vote here.

7. A negro assistant principal formerly at Hine Junior High School on Capitol Hill once told me anyone wanting to reach Washington, D.C. to get on relief or work for Welfare money would reach here even if he walked or hitched a ride. These are the main voters in the Capital today.

8. Government employees, under the Hatch Act, cannot vote in this City.

9. Officers and enlisted men stationed at the Marine Corps Base, the Navy Yard, Boling field and any other military post here cannot vote in Washington.

10. Thousands who reside here while on assignment from other states do not vote here.

11. The tourist trade that visits Washington during the entire year does not vote here.

In 1968, there was a serious riot in Washington. Many people have sold their property or moved out to what they considered a safer place.

The School System is a problem. Under the circumstances, this Association, the oldest on the Hill, urges you to protect the Nation's Capital by voting against Home Rule.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,  
Elizabeth Draper  
Capitol Hill Southeast  
Citizens Association

## CLEAN AIR BLUES

CARL BERGMAN

THE Clean Air Act is in trouble. Passed in 1970 by Congress it ordered that in six years the nation was to bring the air, mainly in urban areas back to acceptable health levels. The strategy is simple. The clean car would do most of the work with local governments adopting new control measures to improve mass transit and bring stationary pollution sources under control.

Most of the national attention, and practically all of the congressional attention, has centered over the clean car. And while the Environmental Protection Agency, charged with the Act's implementation, has granted the auto makers until '76 to come into compliance rather than the anticipated '75, that is not where the problem lies.

What is going wrong are the local plans. EPA has required areas such as metropolitan D.C. to come up with their own plans to cut down on car use. But EPA has demonstrated neither the leadership nor the understanding to bring about the needed changes. And it's no wonder. EPA has had a succession of directors in recent months. Even before EPA was in trouble. A new agency it has never had the stability necessary to deal with the many interests attacking the Act.

For example, EPA has not been able to decide whether it will confine itself to approving local plans that on paper promise to do their job, or will look behind them to see if they will really work.

Indeed, EPA has let many localities have wide latitude in drafting plans that are more political and speculative in their authorship than practical. At first DC's called for a \$2 per-day parking tax, then under business pressure the city quickly caved in and said that no it would reduce the number of parking spaces. Although \$2 is too high, the parking tax has many advantages including tax dollars that can be used to subsidize mass transit. A reduction in the number of parking spaces has, on the other hand, ridiculous effects. It will drive rates in remaining lots up thus giving more money to parking lot operators. It will also require that the city pay those same lot operators for the land taken — probably through costly condemnations. And not one cent of subsidy money is provided. Certainly, the DC plan's effectiveness is questionable.

Just as certainly the District turnabout had nothing to do with clean air or the public interest, but with the Board of Trade. But

who can call EPA to task if it permits more such nonsense?

The answer, of course, is Congress. But Congress seems to have forgotten that it created the clean air mandate in the first place. Senator Muskie was the main sponsor of the legislation, but he has held not one hearing on the politics and practicalities of the implementation plans. In the House the committees are either still attached to traditional conservation concerns or too understaffed to hold decent hearings. Whatever the reason for Congressional hesitation the result is that EPA is beleaguered by anti-clean air business interests led by the Administration itself. If that weren't enough, EPA lacks the political and practical talent to determine whether its plans can work.

What national environmental lobby there is still remains very dearly dedicated to sticking to non-urban environmental problems. Those

that aren't, such as The Public Interest Campaign led by the quiet and effective Louis Lombardo, are underfunded and still largely unknown to the public.

The local governments are also understandably confused. Even those who have not sold out the DC way are in trouble. New York City passed the toughest lead in gasoline controls in the nation. Lead poisonings in NYC dropped dramatically. But EPA, under pressure from the gasoline companies, filed suit challenging the New York rules on the grounds that they exceeded national standards!!

If the air is going to get clean, and if the Clean Air Act is not going to be subverted both from the bottom and the top by government we will have to have a lot more attention paid to implementation plans by Congress, and the media.



NOT ALL THE BEST MINDS IN the area are in government. Take Ambrat, Inc., a local firm that has come up with something we've all been waiting for: an aerial electronic billboard. The forty-foot contraption is towed by a plane and according to Ambrat, "The system has proven to be exceptionally effective when flown over densely populated areas, including sports arenas, shopping centers, fair grounds, race tracks and major highways." It makes things perfectly clear. Even at night.

# Abbie Hoffman

ON behalf of political poet Abbie Hoffman reported arrested with friends and a group of Government men over three pounds of cocaine, I wish to share my thoughts:

First I bear witness to his special experience in the honorable cause of Peace Protest in the face of violent denial of human civil rights to citizens in America and out of it, especially during course of Indochinese War activity foisted on this nation by Government. Abbie Hoffman has already been jailed many times for seeking, with peaceful fire and good humored street theater and astonishing public drama, redress of grievances for the bad luck of the Vietnam War.

Reviled and insulted at first for articulating a now commonly held opinion of that war, he defended himself and others against defeated Government accusations of conspiracy, illegal speech, gesture and public assembly in urging the War end. In this situation he became a hero in a nation engulfed with moral catastrophe, and no man of any generation in right mind can be but grateful for Abbie Hoffman's inventive national communication of the War's madness and folly. I remain grateful for his righteous indignation over the Vietnam War, the moral power of his deeply-felt resistance to the injustice of it, and his demonstration of free Imagination against mass complacency at the mass murder in which we were all involved.

Abbie Hoffman was one of the first souls in the nation to make consciousness sensitive to the Eichmann-like nature of our public War-guilt. Thus any legal case in which he is involved is a matter of deep political consideration, requiring special attention, straight heart judgement and exquisite moral care — the public resentment against him as god-fool of Conscience not crush him in present legal difficulty.

TO HELP Abbie Hoffman and Friends defense, send checks to Abbie Hoffman & Friends Defense Committee, c/o Lefcourt, 640 Broadway, NYC NY 10012.

We are now in midst of national scandal of Government misbehavior called Watergate. High politicians preaching law and order were themselves habitually breaking Bill-of-Rights laws in the interests of the creation of some sort of police state. Patriotism was as usual the refuge of these scoundrels, who wrapped themselves in the language of the flag, in order to trash the Constitution. This is an age-old pattern. Unauthorized wiretapping, spying, use of agents-provocateurs and double agents, spooks, burglaries, police set-ups, official perjury, in-government conspiracy to deprive citizens of protection against excess government snooping and illegal infra-war activity, domestic surveillance of political enemies — this pattern of Watergate crooked-heartedness was precisely the government pattern denounced prophetically by Abbie Hoffman. Some of these same Watergate actors defamed and prosecuted Abbie Hoffman precisely for his vocal and theatrical resistance to their war machine. He too wrapped himself in the flag, threw free money off the balconies of the stock market, wrote forbidden words on his brow, woke the young to national disaster, and practiced exorcism of a black magic operating in the highest reaches of respectable government — illusory statistics, lying, public deception, conspiracy mania even mass assassination in Vietnam, Operation Phoenix confessed in public before Congress. Constrictions by Government on his own liberty, such as wiretapping, has I believe been proven in court in the course of numerous trials by which the government has tried to knock Abbie Hoffman and his peace friends out of action against War and growth of police state.

So I bear witness that Abbie Hoffman is not an ordinary citizen, member of a silent majority of Citizens compliant with 1984-style Bureaucracy and acquiescent to remote-control war. Hoffman is a patriot who has fought the Good Fight to waken his fellow Americans to the



Abbie Hoffman addresses the press, 1970. For what he looks like today add a mustache and prison grey. Photo by David Fenton/LNS.

corruption of their own traditional ideals. Like Tom Paine, he is a classic example of philosophic and poetic dramatist of public Ideals, a pamphleteer and book man, seeking liberty for his country and sanity on its government. His just causes were questions illegal war and police state, not touched deeply by the courts, till late — they were touched deeply by Abbie Hoffman.

Thus his social position as a leader or theorist of new survival society credits him with deliberation and reason. His present involvement with agents of Drug Bureaucracy over cocaine sale may be questionable, but so may be their involvement with Abbie Hoffman.

In time of communal Apathy synchronous with Abbie Hoffman's recent disillusioned withdrawal to private life (after crises of his public efforts to confound Government police bureaucracy and war led him to be attacked left and right), Mr. Hoffman is now to be congratulated on an arrest which by its very surprise, its simultaneous whimsicality and seriousness, re-unites many of his fellow workers once again to resist the steamroller of police state Power crushing another live citizen's body.

Mr. Hoffman's arrest for cocaine dealing does not bear toward resolution of the real "hard drug" problem in America, in any way shape or form.

Government's visioned sentence of life for Abbie Hoffman resolves no whit the real tormenting drug problem in America, but only adds more pain and hysteria to the scene.

What is the actual "hard drug" mess in America? Politicians, police, drug bureaucrats, and criminal syndicates run wild over the public, and over sick junkies, against professional medical-scientific advisement — greed and money is their addiction, and violence and hypocrisy their works.

The real drug problem in America is that government narcotics bureaucracies and organized crime have had a status quo working relationship for decades. This arrangement denies legitimate opiate addicts reasonable access to their specific medicines. The black market for opiates consequently created serves to increase the number of addicts, not decrease it, serves only to increase the social disorientation of addiction, not cure it, serves to discredit helpless sick citizens, not minister to them. This arrangement increases the pain of addiction. This arrangement profits only Narcotics Control Agencies and Organized Crime Networks. Both depend on continued criminalization of addicts to maintain the complementary parasitic existences. Both groups have grown with the growth of the black market they have created. In this situation the medically sick junkie is a victim, treated like a Jew under Hitler, driven mad in the streets to seek relief from unendurable pain and social degradation imposed on him by police bureaucracy and organized crime.

This moral and political running sore, uncurled by selfrighteous anger at heroin addicts, further infected with hysteria by current draconian law, is opened afresh in an operation in which agents of the drug bureaucracy reveal themselves dramatically buying pounds of old Bohemian cocaine from Abbie Hoffman and friends. Cocaine in my experience is a drug neither hard nor soft, offering too short a flash for common use, too expensive for psychological habit generally, traditionally the sport of self indulgent millionaires more recently gaga rock stars.

The seriousness of punishment promised by vengeful prosecutors — one of whom characterized Abbie Hoffman's hapless dabbling in cocaine as "insidious and treacherous as homicide"

— opens up the great Drug Question — not so much of Hoffman's legal or moral guilt, which notion is considerable whimsical in fact. His arrest raises the publicly suppressed Drug Question: How can we endure longer the total insanity sadism incoherence and incomprehensibility of past and fresh present narcotics law politics? Mr. Hoffman's arrest, by its own built-in heaviness of consequence, raises challenge to the entire fabric of law that confuses foolish sensational cocaine or serious philosophic psychedelics as "hard drugs" with the strong-habit-forming opiates and overplentiful brain-cooking amphetamines. How dare Government bureaucracy impose penalties on use and sale of hard drugs for the last halfcentury without providing (as do other countries successfully) reasonably satisfactory easily accessible medical services for the majority of addicts who now outnumber and for 150,000 reasons don't fit into recent but limited scope of monolithic police-bureaucracy-supervised methadone maintenance services?

Beyond this colossal infliction of pain on heroin addicted citizens, present law perpetuates discomforting sanctions against marijuana use, contrary to the best counsel of reason and science codified into innumerable public reports, and contrary to vast community experience. By what unconstitutional proscription of liberty and pursuit of happiness must the Drug Bureaucracy maintain its heavy criminal penalties for securing gardening and distributing sociable noncommercial quantities of help week? What state violence is used to suppress herbal cigarette smokes? The soft drug situation remains undefined, except by official presumption and violence, confused and complicated by law and crime where it might be simply free of law and crime but regulated as in other societies by common sense of situation.

This ken on Abbie Hoffman's arrest doesn't propose encouragement of cocaine spread — it does propose shock dismay and mental rejection of the idea that life imprisonment for cocaine sale (with no eligibility for parole for 15 to 25 years, depending on pronouncement of the judge), to police is a sane response to the fact of cocaine and its elitist use in USA. Mandatory life for cocaine is neurotic, irrational, a hysterical swipe at people's souls, a Polypheuous body crusher punishment, a killer idea — it is not sober social response to cocaine usage and special problems, it is no help to old ladies in the street mugged by ignorant junkies conditioned to depravation violence and pain with police bureaucracy and mafia fattening on the Illegality of addiction. Life in Jail for anti-War Hero Abbie Hoffman and friends is National Folly. Threat of life behind bars for Hoffman over cocaine sale is not an image of Law and Order, it is an image of bureaucratic dictatorship and confusion, it is misrule and chaos, National Folly.

I pray with body speech and mind OH AH HUM for courts and government and public to recognize the strange delicacy and historical charm of the situation in which they are placed together with peace poet Abbie Hoffman.

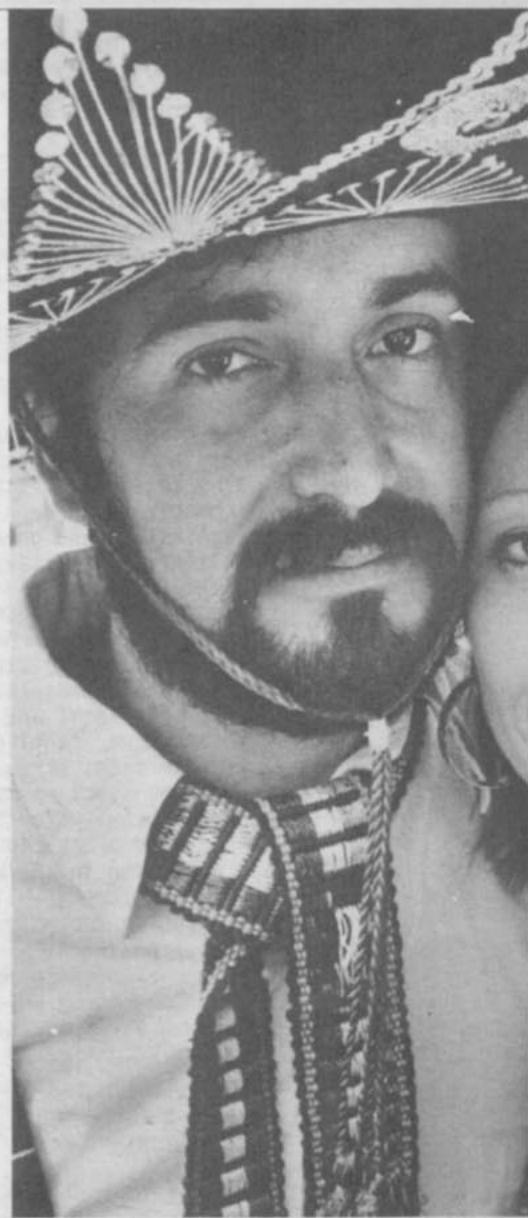
and myself sincerely yours  
recommending Hare Krishna to one and all

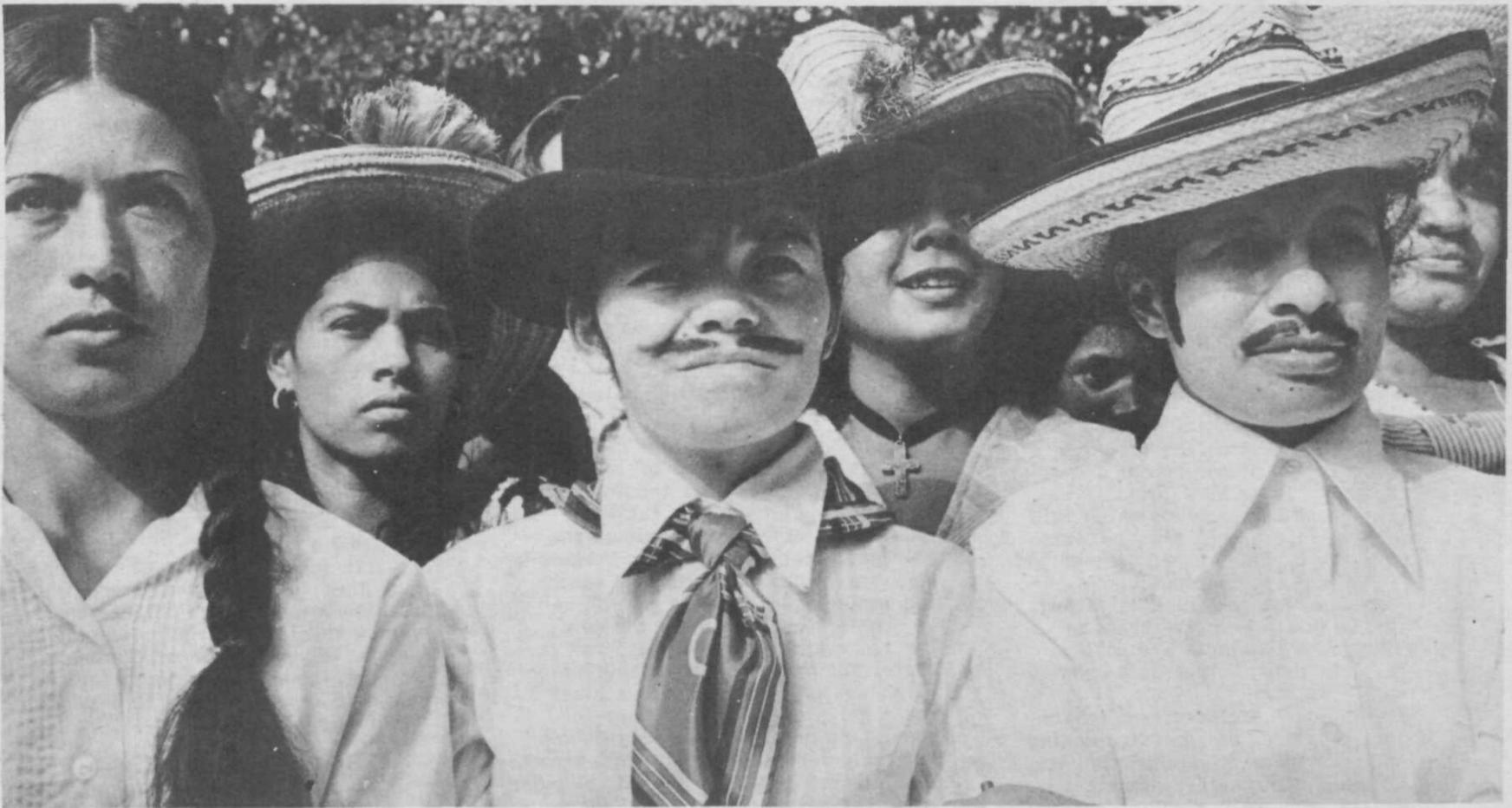
*Allen Ginsberg*

Allen Ginsberg  
Guggenheim Fellow in Poetry 1962  
King of May Prague 1965  
P.E.N. Club Censorship Committeeman  
Member National Institute of Arts and Letters



**f-STOP** ROLAND  
**Festival day. . .**





## ...and other days

ROLAND Freeman's photographs are an artful representation of a mirage, a condition which has no basis in reality. Yet, as far as the non-latino in the Washington area is concerned, the happy, singing, fiesta-loving latino is stereotypical of a people who

**ARMANDO RENDON**

otherwise have no other level of existence — if we are to believe the media, the government agencies, or the self-appointed leaders of the latino community.

The "Spanish Heritage Day" acti-  
(Please turn to next page)



## FESTIVAL CONT'D

vities portrayed here supposedly commemorate the formation of the Mayor's Spanish Advisory Committee and the establishment of an Office of Spanish Speaking Affairs in the Department of Human Resources. However, the celebration was a hollow one because both these entities have become self-serving instruments for those who comprise them. Officials of government would prefer to manipulate powerless and voiceless groups through such bodies, appointing and propping up a handful of individuals and depending on them to placate a frustrated and bitter community.

The latino community's "leaders" have not spoken out on any issues, and the agencies of government and the media, in turn, have found it easy to ignore the problems which this group faces. The annual fiesta covers them up with bunting, paper dishes/cups, and food splatterings:

The District government's hiring of latinos is abysmal: the brand of tokenism of which blacks are well aware is now being perpetrated upon latinos;

Latinos are excluded from political participation and decision-making by the convenience of immigration laws and by the discriminatory practices of private and public agencies which discourage citizenship;

Latino students are isolated and intimidated in the District schools because they are culturally different, speak a "foreign" tongue, and are a minority;

Well-funded training programs benefit only a few persons, and, as often happens in these programs which are poorly conceived and supervised, relatives and friends of government agency officials seem to reap the benefit to the exclusion of really needy individuals;

Exclusion by the private funding agencies is rampant, notably the agencies of the United Givers Fund which has yet to fund a single Latino organization, yet continues to mouth slogans about involving the "whole community;"

Critical relationships exist which need resolution in terms of latino and black communities (plus the complicating factor of the black latino);

Exploitation of latinos as restaurant, hotel, and domestic workers persists through the abuse of labor and immigration laws;

Malign negligence is the word for the established churches: for example, the Catholic Church's Campaign for Human development funds a black and a white group in D.C., but not one latino project — yet latinos consistently represent the largest minority element in the U.S. Church, at least 25% nationwide;

Latino youth lack programs — re-

creational, educational, athletic, cultural — to enhance emotional and intellectual growth and re-enforce self and group identity;

Mental health crises about stemming from socio-cultural trauma, economic deprivation, physical ill-health — with none of the health-related services in the District capable of providing adequate services.

So the fun and frolic go on in a kind of macabre dance; the camera captures instants of the ritual. A note of hysteria about the whole affair surfaces above the music and laughter.

Roland Freeman, whom I've known for many years now, has done a fine work in capturing those moments of gaiety. Certainly, such times are very much an integral aspect of the latino culture, but then any culture may have a highly refined sense of how to have fun. Peoples of intense poverty may often be most capable of throwing a grand party.

It just seems that we have had enough of festivals when there is nothing being done to balance the view with clear and incisive reporting and investigation of the needs which exist and a seeking after the means to resolve them. The play's not the thing.

*Armando B. Rendon is author of Chicano Manifesto (Macmillan Company, N.Y., 1971), a resident of Washington, DC, and a media consultant.*

## CHUCK STONE

PRESIDENT Nixon recently ordered all cabinet departments to "achieve a seven per cent reduction in . . . anticipated energy consumption over the next 12 months."

There is a fortuitous element to that number, seven. Military spending is up seven per cent over last year.

But the first victims of the President's ordered reduction in power are those with the least power — federal custodial workers.

Under the new policy of saving electricity, custodial workers who clean the government's 10,000 office buildings have been shifted from night cleaning to daylight cleaning.

This proposed shift was conceived by the Public Buildings Service of the General Services Administration, the government's "good housekeeper."

Occasionally, government operational policies will influence private industry to follow suit. A spokesman for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, however, said there had been no hard evidence yet of a shift in private industry from night cleaning to day cleaning.

"Many of the utility companies are cutting back seven per cent," he said. He also cited the policy of many companies cutting out night work, and work on weekends and no longer running the air-conditioning on weekends.

In terms of this country's massive consumption of fuel, such measures are marginal. It is reminiscent of President Johnson's short-lived policy of running around and turning off the White House lights while pursuing one of the most extravagantly wasteful wars in U.S. history.

AT a meeting between Adam Clayton Powell and President Johnson in the White House on a hot summer day in 1966, later described by a shocked Powell, the two men discussed legislation for about 30 minutes. Then Powell told the President he wanted to discuss a personal matter. Leaving his group of aides, the President excused himself and he and Powell went into the small Presidential bathroom.

According to Powell, the President turned on the water and began rubbing his hands together, signalling for Powell to start talking. Powell replied he would wait. The President insisted, then raised his arm, pointed to the ceiling and made a wide arc with his finger.

"In here?" Powell asked incredulously. "I don't know," shrugged the President. "But I take no chances."

— C.S.

Many custodial workers are moonlighting at night to supplement their meager income or are working at night to get the nighttime pay differential.

Irving Geller, general counsel for the National Federation of Federal Employees (NFFE) which represents some of the custodial workers, estimated that 25 per cent of the present night cleaners were working it as a second job. With

the shift from night cleaning to day, they will be forced to give up that job.

"It's appalling. I can't see any real economy of energy," he said. "A few hours will be saved in the summer, but not in the winter."

A spokesman for the Public Buildings Service seemed to agree. Told it gets dark at five o'clock in the winter and lights have to go on anyway for the regular workers, he replied, "that's a good point."

Nonetheless, he insisted that over a one-year period, the shift from night to day cleaning would save 1500 tons of coal or 7,000 barrels of oil.

According to the American Petroleum Institute, a barrel or 42-gallon oil drum costs \$5.45.

Saving 7,000 barrels of oil would save \$38,150. The \$38,150 represents the combined salaries of two worthless government bureaucrats. Of course, it's not the money the government wants to save, but the oil.

The military is by far the largest consumer of government-purchased oil. And U.S. military operations in Southeast Asia brought this country to its energy-crisis knees.

An average day's B-52 bombing run in Southeast Asia consumed 2.2 million gallons of fuel, according to the Center for Defense Information.

If President Nixon would simply cut down on the number of B-52s, it wouldn't be necessary to cut back on the wages of custodial workers.

Keep America strong, President Nixon is always exhorting us. How — by throwing people out of work?

Once again, President Nixon's economics are founded in the philosophy of robbing little impoverished worker Peter to pay big, military-industrial complex Paul.

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anxieties held within, too proud to ask for anything. Womanless (a big subject here), love lost, heart-broken, men walking aimlessly, without any direction. And most, without the minute knowledge, as to when they will ever see their freedom. If they should live that long!

These residents live day by day, harboring senseless desires, wishes, and stupid dreams. Some men are constructively aggressive, others far too destructive. Those of us who struggle for positive things often find ourselves with obstacles of great and enormous dimensions instilled by the administration — a kind of "SICK" way of showing authority.

## LETTER FROM LORTON

THE Lorton Reformatory, like most other institutions, seems to be in a period of change. But what intrigues many of us is the question, "In just what direction are we changing?" Despite all of our most candid hopes for change in a positive direction, we somehow know there will be little.

It's incredible to see the many lives here, going to waste, rotting away, being engulfed in a nightmare-environment and lifestyle, fit only for dogs . . . or the insane! There are men here eating their hearts out for the slightest bit of consideration from anyone who will listen....some burning inside from

The departmental strategy may well be to keep the inmate off balance with unkept promises, unlimited amounts of "red-tape," a constant change of administrators and staff, excuses of "heavy-workloads," backlogs, and a shortage of personnel. With each new administrator, is a "new policy or regulation" that offsets the previous order given maybe a few weeks ago by the superintendent. Much of the time the inmates and the correctional personnel are in a state of confusion.

The much talked-about "Inmate-custody" criteria, is always changing. The hassles over a resident gaining his custody, necessary for him to move positively and participate in a meaningful "outgoing into the community" self-help program is circus material! Custody is the degree of security the institution says a man may have after he has met certain standards of progress, and served a sufficient part of his sentence.

As for the phenomenon called "furloughs" or a "furlough-program" there is none, and there never has been one in existence. Mr. John O. Boone worked hard to accomplish a working furlough program, and no one would hear of such a thing. Still, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, in the report "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society" said: "Graduated release and

furlough programs should be expanded. They should be accompanied by guidance and coordinated with community-treatment services."

Furloughs for the prisoner are to reinforce family-ties, and give a feasible solution to the conjugal visitation problem. It is a planned treatment option that this institution has failed to utilize even when suggested from the highest echelon. As a major reason or excuse for not having a consistent program such as this, the Department of Corrections claims an unfavorable attitude by the community toward this idea. Many other states, have given strong support of such furlough programs. At least 25 states use a consistent program, with varying and numerous inmates participating, with positive success. D.C. is unfortunately, last in everything - that is, except football.

The Seventh Day Adventists from Dupont Park, are still having problems trying to enlarge their Bible-class and program for Lorton's interested inmates. The class has grown and as usual, even in the name of "Jesus Christ" or who ever your God may be, when dealing in behalf of the inmate, there are tremendous odds and obstacles.

The Reverend Smith from Dupont Park, has literally beguiled the resident-population with his mighty deliveries and powerful gestures re-

miniscent of the late and great orator, Malcolm X!

Family-day turned out to be a winner. Many inmates enjoyed the presence of their loved ones, a needed presence. Some made acquaintances, mingled, met old friends, and thoroughly soaked in the music. Whatever was available was taken in and welcomed - even the pony-rides. It was good to see some of the brothers from maximum security - Curley and a host of other brothers - still not enough!

Family-Day Action: A correctional-officer, elated with the many things going on around him, somehow found his way to a comfortable position between an inmate and his lovely mistress. He stood there smiling, making small comments about the heat, the size of the crowd, etc. The inmate grew restless, trying to be polite. He asked the officer to excuse them, for they were off to get cold drinks. The officer, not realizing he was an obstacle, remarked, "I could use one myself!" and continued to walk between them. On leaving the stand, they came near a tent in which many couples had found refuge. The inmate, suddenly turned to the officer and asked, "Sir, we're gonna sit on the grass in the tent, and embrace. How about standing out here and see that we are not disturbed?"

PEACE  
S.Carl Turner, Jr.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

# Why food's so high

POPULAR arguments over the high cost of food can be misleading. Actual production of food accounts for one third of the final cost. The other two thirds are taken up in distribution. The big chain stores, of course, are involved in distribution at all levels. But they say profits are small, amounting to little more than one per cent.

Representatives of the National Farmers Organization insist the chain store claims amount to statistical sleight of hand. They claim the one per cent profit applies to products that turn over once a week or in some cases as much as three times a week. Actually, the farmers say chain store profits amount to 24 to 25 per cent.

Chain stores have been accused of making unusually high profits on milk. Roland W. Bartlett, professor at the University of Illinois department of agricultural economics, recently published a study on milk prices. He looked at 46 major markets with populations of more than 500,000 persons, and discovered the estimated average mark-up for milk in supermarkets was 7.9 cents a quart, or 41 per cent over wholesale. By comparison, average mark-up on all food items in supermarkets is 19 per cent. The mark-up in milk ranged from 10.7 cents (or 60 per cent) in San Diego to 12.3 cents (or 67 per cent) in Kansas City. "On an over-all basis," Bartlett says, "the estimated average mark-up of 7.9 cents per quart for the 56 markets analysed last September as part of the Illinois studies is more than double the figure of 3.5 cents per quart that has been shown to be sufficient to cover the cost of processing, packaging and delivering - plus a profit for the more efficient distributors. Again, it makes little sense for the supermarkets to charge more than twice as much as the distributor gets simply for selling packaged milk to consumers."

One of the reasons food is so expensive is the curious way in which it is handled by chain stores. Maine potatoes go through a complicated trip on their way to Safeway bins in Washington. The potatoes typically leave Maine by train, but because of inequitable freight rates, are unloaded in Boston and put on trucks. They arrive at a Safeway pre-packing plant in Washington in bulk form, where they are regraded and packed into small bags for shipment to the different Safeway stores. The consumer pays for all these different steps, the trucks hauling the potatoes back and forth, labor involved in packing and repacking, the bags, etc.

Potatoes are a good example of a food that is likely to become more and more expensive as time goes by. Right now the potato business is equally divided, half the crop going to processors who make potato chips and French fries, the other half going to fresh market, that is, to the chain stores or smaller markets in towns and cities. But the fresh market is unstable, and potato farmers increasingly are lured by the large processor companies which offer them contracts for their whole crop. In some cases they also offer farm equipment and financing.

The prices they pay farmers are probably lower than farmers receive on the fresh market, but the contract offers stability, and firm financing. What this means is that more and more potatoes will go into processed forms, and lesser amounts to the fresh market. Those finding their way to market bins will be higher priced and supposedly of higher quality. The processed potatoes will be much more expensive than fresh potatoes because of the labor and machinery used to process them. Agriculturalists claim women are forcing them to process potatoes. The women will pay for "built-in maid service" provided in the frozen french fries, they insist.

In effect, the processor occupies a growing role in organizing the food market. He replaces the government agriculture programs, providing the financing, equipment loans, and marketing assistance.

The asparagus business offers added insights into how the processor controls the market and affects labor. While there are more than 3000 farmers who grow asparagus, the business, in fact, is controlled by three canners, led by Del Monte, which buys and processes half the crop. The canners hold a whip hand over the farmers because they buy mostly on contract, that is, the farmers undertake to grow a set amount of asparagus which the canner agrees to buy, providing the crop is of "good quality and condition for canning."

Any part of the asparagus delivery that fails to meet DelMonte's approval is exempted from the contract price. In 1972, eight per cent of the crop was exempted in this manner. The cannery price for acceptable asparagus that year was 23 cents per pound. The asparagus that was "culled" out by DelMonte's inspectors was bought by the company for .0005 cents per pound. The decision whether asparagus was worth 23 cents or .0005 cents a pound was up to Del Monte. The farmers had no option. If DelMonte does not want the culled asparagus, there is nothing for the farmer to do but throw out the unwanted asparagus.

But if the farmer virtually gives away the culled to Del Monte, the company certainly does not give them away to the consumer. Instead it uses the cast-off asparagus in soups, asparagus cuts, and asparagus tips.

Del Monte is now in the process of sinking the screws deeper into the farmer by moving operations out of the US to Mexico where the company can take advantage of cheaper labor.

The 3000 or so US farmers who produce asparagus and the 34,500 farm workers who depend on picking asparagus for a livelihood, are thus caught in a trap. They must accept the terms of unfair contract growing, and at the same time watch helplessly as the asparagus business dwindles away to Mexico. Del Monte is up to the same maneuver in the pineapple business where it is moving pineapple canning from Hawaii to the Philippines. Whether it is produced in Hawaii or the Philippines, the price of pineapple doesn't change.

The over-all profits of the middleman in the food business seem to be extraordinarily

high. The Federal Trade Commission says that in a competitive industry, return on a shareholder's investment ranges from five to nine per cent. Profits in excess of those amounts are assumed by the commission to be the result of excessive concentration.

In 1972 profits for supermarkets were substantial: Safeway returned 15 per cent on shareholder equity; Winn-Dixie, 19.7 per cent; Lucky Stores, 19.7 per cent and Giant Food, 16.9 per cent. The Wall Street Journal reports profits for food companies were up 16.2 per cent in the second quarter of 1973.

In an unpublished study the FTC made what it called the monopoly margin in 100 selected manufacturing industries. The commission re-

ported that because of monopoly practices, consumers were overcharged \$483 million by meat packers, \$256 million by milk producers, \$191 million by bread makers, \$143 million for canned fruits and vegetables, \$88 million by flour mills, and \$84 million for frozen foods.

Beneath the trend towards higher food prices runs a strong current towards reorganization of agriculture into an expensive, probably inefficient, national industry. One of the reasons America has been able to produce abundant supplies of relatively inexpensive food stuffs was because of regional agricultural markets. For example, food could be shipped around the Northeast by rail, bought and sold in large regional markets of major cities by a variety of customers. Increasingly the ten-

dency is to shut down the regional markets, replacing them with a contract system between chain stores and processors on the one hand, and farmers on the other. In order to meet the dictates set up by the processors and chains, this food must be given a long shelf life so it can be sold anywhere in the country. That means growing tomatoes to special size and color requirements, freezing or dehydrating potatoes instead of selling them fresh, reconstituting certain foods — such things as changing milk or orange juice into milk and orange drinks to increase their saleability and longevity and so on. The large food companies apparently are dependent on a national food system, and that in turn, increasingly will mean that food will be changed into artificial products, and that it will cost more.

## HOME RULE CONT'D

enough that it can be traded for something more valuable.

But let us stipulate that Congress will pass a bill that someone other than Anchors Nelson can call home rule and that the President, caught on a day when his personality is on its manic cycle, signs it. What will we have.

We will have reached the political plateau of participatory colonialism, better off than the Virgin Islands and worse off than Puerto Rico. In an era when the poor, the young, the old, the rural, the sick, the badly housed, the unemployed, the middle class, the United States Congress and everyone else outside of General Haig and Henry Kissinger is hard-pressed to point to any progress, it is less than grateful to suggest that an elected mayor would be wearing clothes on loan, but gratitude has little survival value in a colony. We can either waste years pretending we have self-government or proceed with the business of getting it.

The thing that bothers me most about the pending home rule legislation is that it is the former course that will be taken. Home rule legislation will give local politicians enough of the substance and trappings of power, including the official imprimatur of the governed, to deflate the drive to achieve equality with other Americans for Washingtonians. Candidates, media, and the business community will undoubtedly unite in telling Washingtonians that whatever it is you wanted, you've got it, now stop complaining.

The apathy towards self-government that has so long afflicted Congress will spread to the District Building, just as surely as the political bag men will transfer some of their business from the House District Committee to 14th & Pennsylvania Avenue. (It appears that they will have to continue to operate out of both places; curiously — one might say suspiciously — the legislation does not provide for the abolition of the congressional District committees). Those who wish to be equal to other Americans may find themselves fighting not only the Hill but some of their own elected officials as well.

This is not a reason to oppose the legislation, merely a warning lest the general populace be tempted to engage in the same charade of democracy as its chosen leaders. The fight for home rule has been one of generals without an army; once we have home rule, the fight will in all probability become one of an army without generals. Much as putting anti-poverty workers on the city payroll helped to emasculate the fight for economic justice; so the election of ex-home rulers to public office, and the appointment of their friends to other jobs, will leave the streets empty of those to fight for true self-determination.

Judged from the value-system of benign paternalism, the House bill has much to recommend it. Aside from the provisions normal to most such measures, it contains a number of improvements. While retaining the power of Congress over the District, it prescribes that this power be exercised through legislation rather than by veto in matters other than alterations in the municipal charter. This complicates the problem for Congress. Should the District pass a measure the Hill doesn't like, it would have to go through its own legislative labyrinth to undo the act. A friendly committee could easily bottle up the matter (although on the other hand an unfriendly one could expedite the measure to the floor).

Most significant, perhaps, is a provision tacked on that authorizes the establishment of neighborhood councils that, if put into effect, would permit each resident of the city

to vote for a legislator representing no more than 4,999 other people. These councils would be funded on the basis that would permit a neighborhood council for Southwest, for example, to receive about \$7500 a year. Despite the extremely limited functions of these councils, they would represent a remarkable reversal of a trend towards centralized democracy in American cities that has been going on for more than a hundred years, and they would form a network of neighborhoods that could be given real power under statehood.

There is little question but that the legislation proposed in the House would be an improvement over the present situation. It would enliven the city, increase the chances of the people's will being carried out and mitigate some of the more frustrating aspects of the present system. But we should be under no illusions. It is crypto-colonial legislation, in both letter and intent, and leaves us far short of true self-government.

- The bill forbids the city from interfering with the structure, administration or jurisdiction of the courts. The Mayor will get to appoint judges from a list drawn up by a body to which he gets to name only two out of nine members. (Five are federally-selected and two chosen by the local bar.) The Judicial Tenure Commission will be chosen in the same way.
- The Congress will continue to approve an annual federal payment, thus will retain great leverage over the budget.
- Any alterations in the municipal charter, as approved in referenda, are subject to veto by House or Senate.
- Congress can not only annul any local act it may continue to pass any local acts it chooses, just as it does now.
- Planning decisions are subject to a veto by the National Capital Planning Commission (here the city will be represented by only 4 or 5 out of 12 members) if an adverse impact on the federal interest is perceived.
- The city government may not tax the personal income of any person not a resident of the District.
- Nor can it increase its authority over the National Guard or change the present height limitations on buildings.
- The bill fails to abolish the Senate and House District Committees.
- The bill fails to give the city power over the Pennsylvania Avenue Commission (which actually controls much of downtown planning).
- And the bill, of course, is incapable of dealing with such problems as the lack of congressional representation or the non-coverage of DC residents by the 14th Amendment.

Thus the bill, good as it is, leaves the city judicially, fiscally and architecturally hostage to the Congress and politically unequal to other Americans.

But beyond the words themselves, it is apparent that there are other restrictions. In fact, the measure grants three forms of power:

- 1) Power that will remain with the Federal government
- 2) Power that will be given the District government that it may use,
- 3) Power that will be given the District government but that it better not try to use.

The last-named powers are nowhere listed, but are very real. Because the delegation of power is conditional on good behavior, the political effect will be to restrict the actions of local officials. Thus, while in theory the City Council might have the power to repeal no-knock legislation it might be scared to do so. Countless other examples could be cited, examples in which the city will act with a caution virtually indistinguishable from the

present instance, because its leaders will understand that the price of freedom is subservience to the will of Congress.

Further, contrary to the assurances of the legislation's supporters, the measure does not adequately delineate between the federal and local interest and it is not unreasonable to expect that the claim of federal interest will crop up as frequently under home rule as the claim of executive privilege has under the Nixon administration. The problem will remain the same as it was in 1800 when Washingtonian Augustus Woodward warned that "No policy can be worse than to mingle great and small concerns. The latter come absorbed in the former; are neglected and forgotten."

The passage of home rule legislation will be of great import to the city, but not because it produces self-government but because it will give the people, if not the politicians, a greater understanding of why we need it.

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# THE ARTS

## BOOKS

RICHARD KING

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL  
by Hunter Thompson  
Straight Arrow Press, \$7.95

POLITICS is serious business in Washington. Like sated but still avid voyeurs D.C. residents yearn for but never experience first hand political activity of their own. But we compensate by becoming pocket pundits and argue about newspaper columnists the way most Americans argue about sports. What this also means is that every four years we trudge to the bookstores with deadening regularity to witness Theodore White, the Bert Parks of American politics, render several hundred more stanzas of "There he goes, Mr. President."

For Mr. White power hallows in a fashion uncannily reminiscent of what used to be known as divine right. No sooner did RMN collapse into the presidency in 1968 than White discovered new, untapped intellectual and moral energies in the man. And should George Wallace, the politician who provides proof positive that you can fool some of the people all of the time, ever accede to what now must be called the Offal Office, then we can be sure that White will be there to record a new found commitment to human rights and the life of the mind.

All this is by way of urging that White not be read this year — or at least not until after you read Dr. (of Gonzo Journalism) Hunter Thompson's Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail. He is to Teddy White what Joe Namath is to Roger Staubach. This is not to claim for Thompson a corner on truth or, heaven knows, objectivity; his political instinct is probably no better but certainly no worse than the average political reporter. Where he differs from the pundits and crypto-propagandists such as White is that he has a sense of humor, a built-in shit detector (both of which are used against himself), and is beset by galloping paranoia. The latter rages most virulently, even out of control, when Thompson is up against a deadline and ingesting quantities of gin and rum, grapefruit and coffee, and assorted downers and uppers.

At least that is the persona Thompson would like us to accept as the real article. Where

White for instance did a stint with Mao in pre-Revolutionary China, Thompson's Long March was with the Hell's Angels. A year ago he followed with Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, the account of a drug-crazed new journalist (HT) on assignment at a Drug Prevention Convention on the Strip. Thompson is no stranger to politics, however, having run on the Freak Power ticket for sheriff of Aspen, Colorado. (He lost, needless to say.) In fact he now admits to being a politics-junkie, mainlining campaigns like an addict does heroin.

Thompson's part-reportage, part-diary and part-taped manuscript of the '72 campaign is by no means complete coverage, whatever that may be. But along the way he does manage to squeeze off a number of devastating remarks about American politicians which, if not "responsible" or "balanced," are about as plausible as those of camp followers such as White. Though a McGovernite, Thompson admits that the Senator was indecisive, unnaturally so. Scoop Jackson is delicately described as a "worthless asshole." Muskie emerges as a dolt who wasn't much liked by his staff and on the verge of wiggling out by the end. Humphrey is simply a "treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler who should be put in a goddam bottle and sent out with the Japanese Current." Thompson claims that reporters on Capitol Hill knew that Eagleton was a boozier, that the psychiatric records of the Senator were more damaging than reported (Eagleton didn't dare show them to McGovern), and that Jack Anderson was left out on a limb when his sources failed to deliver proof of drinking charges against Eagleton. In short, Eagleton was a "hack" and a "liar."

Thompson is obviously of the redskin not paleface variety of American journalism. He expends less shot against the GOP, except to compare the Nixonites unfavorably with Martin Borman a couple of times. Ron Ziegler gets off light with being called an "arrogant 33 year-old punk." Gunning at Nixon is by now like shooting ducks on the pond; in fact Thompson claims to have had a great discussion of — you guessed it — pro football with the Head Coach back in '68. (no other topic is so important to either man; but Thompson loathes George Allen and loves Duane Thomas and now that they are together Thompson must be going out of his mind.) The only good words in the book go to the dignified and eloquently silent march of the Vietnam Vets through the streets of Miami and up to the gates of the GOP convention. Of the other demonstrators in Miami Thompson can only record that they were a "useless mob of ignorant, chicken-shit ego-junkies whose only accomplishment was to embarrass

the whole tradition of public protest."

But Dr. Thompson is not doing this sort of thing the entire book. He devotes a decent number of pages to the Eagleton affair and lays out a clear account of the conflicting theories from the McGovern camp as to why their candidate lost so badly. One group felt that there was a rightist, racist trend in the country which was next to unstoppable; that Nixon picked up a lot of votes which would have gone to Wallace; and that if Wallace had been in the race McGovern might have had a chance. The other line ran that the twin disasters were Eagleton and the emerging perception that McGovern was just another pol and not a particularly competent one at that. Once this trend surraced, there was no hope. Thompson's own theory, which is more of a wild hope, is that if McGovern had really kicked out the slats and not sucked up to the pols he would have at least gotten as many votes as he did and perhaps (faint though it may be) things would have turned out differently. Not anything earthshaking there, but Thompson can write a straight sentence or two. When he puts his mind to it he can analyze with the best (and most hackneyed) of the reporters. In fact though Thompson lays all about with his broadsword, he is hooked on politics to the point of considering a race for Senator in Colorado against Gary Hart.

But that in a sense is the problem. Like Mailer Thompson can write better than he can think. He strikes attitudes rather than handling new ideas and is at bottom not very radical at all. In fact he reminds one of Holden Caulfield turned freak nostalgic for the old values while simultaneously embodying the quintessence of American affluent consumerism. (He is a sports car and sound system freak and flies around the country with the greatest of ease.) The current poverty of liberal-left ideas can be seen in the current stampede to the Constitution for chapter and verse and our fundamentalist insistence upon the observance of every jot and tittle. This is all a little strange since liberals have been scoffing at the Constitution for fifty years. If Nixon were to be removed then liberals would be in the dilemma of having to be in charge with their arsenal of ideas and programs empty. Thompson gives us no clue as to what a new liberal-left might do or say.

But this is all too serious. Thompson's book is not great (not even as good as his other two) nor is it a major contribution to the literature of American politics. But if you have to reading something about the '72 campaign, read it.

## DANCE

SALLY CROWELL

THE dance scene in Washington continues to grow more exciting and diverse with each new season, and having just concluded a very full summer, the fall promises to be at least as interesting. For the past three years we have been presented with a good cross section of style and form that has included classic ballet, abstract modern, theatre pieces, ethnic dance, non-dance, jazz, musical plays, and has featured international, national and local companies.

Undoubtedly, this year produced the most prodigious dance summer Washington has ever witnessed. While the widely acclaimed companies of Balanchine, Joffrey, and Ailey were performing at Wolf Trap Farm, the more daring companies of Nasardo, Limon, Tharp and Vislocky were busy at Lisner Auditorium and the National Cathedral.

Meanwhile, local choreographers presented their works wherever space was available. Despite 90 degree weather, dancers danced.

Jan Van Dyke took to the parks; Emily Wadham went to the Corcoran; The Arts Workshop and Blood to Soul performed at the Market Five Gallery; Potpourri presented a program at the O Street Theatre; and Edna Long of Chocolate City appeared at The American Theatre-L'Enfant Plaza.

Among those performances this summer which drew the most critical praise was Arena Stage's presentation of Raisin. But while the dramatic text of Raisin has always been moving, and the singing and acting commendable, the extraneous dances of choreographer-director Donny McKayle did nothing to enhance the mood or message of the play. The production would have been much more effective as an opera, if the producers felt the play needed music at all.

On the other hand, the bright and lively rendition of inner city presented by raul Allen's Black American Theatre at the Washington Theatre Club, was a delightful interpretation of inner-city life; the blend of music, dance and song was unusual and refreshing.

The first dance event presented here this fall was The Heat Festival produced by Jan Van Dyke and Murray Spaulding. The festival involved dancers, actors, photographers and other visual artists coming together to celebrate Washington's heat through the various media.

Also, Potpourri has presented the first of their Jazz and Dance Series, offering the dance compositions and jazz music of Washington artists on alternating Monday evenings.

Continuing its concern for dance in education, the Modern Dance Council of Washington, and the Washington Performing Arts Society in coordination with the National Endowment for the Arts, will again sponsor the Residency Tour Program in the public schools. This year's selection of companies will include the Inner City Repertory Dance Company, The Martha Graham Dance Company, the Paul Taylor Dance Company, the Jose Limon Dance Company, the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, and the Rudy Perez Dance Theatre.

So once again, Washington, second only to New York in its interest and support of dance, should be able to experience a fulfilling season.

# CAMERA

## CEZAR DEL VALLE

ANDREA O. DEAN

HE'S half Philippino and half Irish. At seventeen he dropped out of school and then at eighteen he dropped out of most of the other things and places eighteen-year old are normally expected to be. He bummed around the country, "because I was curious," going as far as Newfoundland, doing odd jobs here and there, about a hundred before he was through. Then at 24, still without formal education or training, he came home to the Washington area to marry and drop back in as a professional art photographer. His last job had been circulating publicity bulletins for a massage parlor. Now at 28, Cezar Del Valle is one of the very rare photographers who can support himself from sales of photographs alone.

Just like that. Hooray for Cezar Del Valle.

You can see Del Valle's work in a one-man show at the Wolfe Gallery in Alexandria from October 14-27. He also shows at Talking of Michelangelo on Capitol Hill, at the Steendam in Rockville and the Sculpture House in Kensington.

Del Valle is no glamour boy, has no helpful connections and his work goes against the grain of what is now "in" in photography. So how did this lank-haired, husky (a little heavy even) man with the husky voice and dark-rimmed glasses achieve the success he has so fast? Probably it has to do with the fact that he works so hard at hustling and is so apparently honest and straightforward about it. More important, of course, the work he hustles is good and it's different. He isn't afraid to do things which are often considered unacceptable in photographic circles (such as working with

color, when everyone else is doing black and white), being unconcerned with technique when others are proud of their complex technical tinkering, making photographs which don't look spontaneous when "spontaneity" is these days the word that rolls back the rock in front of the cave.

Photo by Cezar Del Valle



Del Valle's current work falls into three general categories. There are the color shots of boxers flashing in front of the camera, the one swift-footed, the other draggy-toed; the abstract collage-like superposed nudes in subtly graded colors from hot reds to dry ochres; and the abstract faces made of fat black lines. The attempt in all the photos is to simplify and get at basics; there are no superfluous details anywhere. In the boxer series Del Valle tries to convey the savagery of the sport while avoiding the clichés of sports magazines. The colors, like the emotional tone of the prints, look so hot they could melt. All you see are the two athletes in motion totally engrossed in a seemingly complete and closed-off world. Obvious in the nudes and the faces are Del Valle's tendencies to eliminate more and more and be increasingly preoccupied with forms, shapes and the three-dimensional.

Del Valle says his "study of art" began when he watched the Bill Wells' TV show. Wells used quick sketches to illustrate the stories he told, gave drawing lessons and held art contests, one of which the young Cezar entered and lost. In his teens he took up ceramics, printmaking, sculpture and photography. It was, of course, photography which captivated him, mainly it seems because it enabled him to captivate the attention of others. People would stop and look. "Because my work was complex and puzzling they couldn't say they would do as well themselves with their Instamatics or whatnot. They were forced to stare to try to figure out how it was done. They got hooked."

Before joining the galleries with which he is now associated, Del Valle went through the outdoor art show circuit, encountering dogs who used his prints as a tree, people who told him they could see better nudes in Playboy and other similarly inspirational experiences. Fortunately he can do without those now since he seems to be on his way into the larger, if no less civilized, leagues.

# FILM

## MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT

JOEL SIEGEL

IT'S taken five years for Tomas Gutierrez Alea's *Memories of Underdevelopment* to reach American screens. Unharmed by the delay, the film has, if anything been enhanced by the intervening years. *Memories* (based upon an Edmund Desnoes novel and adapted by the author and Alea) is set in Cuba during the 1961-1962 post-revolution reconstruction period. Its central character is Sergio, an attractive, quirky, ironical thirtyish man who sees himself as, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, "wandering between two worlds, one dead, and one powerless to be born." Sergio has repudiated the values of his bourgeois upbringing and has no illusions about the overthrown regime. He knows that the revolution was necessary and inevitable and holds those who have decided to flee to Florida — his parents, wife and friends — in contempt. And yet, he feels wholly alienated from the life around him, the first stirrings of a new order emerging from a country too long mired in the neglect and ignorance of underdevelopment. Sergio seeks "lucidity" and sees himself as a "European," something apart from the Cuban masses working at reconstruction. American audiences, always doubtful of any governmental action and rightly so, will probably identify with Sergio, and yet there's a void in the character which extends beyond his scepticism. Finding strength in neither the dead past nor in hope for the future, his present is an absence. He muses, "My life is like a sterile ornamental plant."

Alea's film is free-form, mixing elements of documentary and fiction, including both poetic and comic elements. A wide range of European influences are evident in his style. Sergio's random wanderings about Havana bear the mark of Antonioni: the absolutely convincing staging of combining various kinds of filmed material — a newsreel documentary about the Bay of Pigs traitors, a guided tour of Heming-

way's house, Marilyn Monroe footage from *Some Like It Hot* and a public lecture with American writer Jack Gelber unexpectedly in the audience. Alea has managed to integrate all of these influences into a fluid, expressive distinctively personal style of direction which, in no way, plagiarizes from his masters. In fact, Alea may well be the first truly masterful director to emerge from a Third World country. Instead of the (perhaps necessary) shrillness of Third World filmic agit-prop, Alea gives us the single element one usually misses in political art — compassion.

There's no strong narrative line to *Memories*. It is, instead, a series of related incidents which together form a portrait of a sensitive man's estrangement from his world. Initially, we are attracted by Sergio's alienation from the drabness of the life around him, but, as the incidents accumulate — an affair with a neurotic would-be actress, a visit with a right-wing friend, wanderings about Havana — we come to recognize that Sergio's ironic detachment is really a form of decadence. If his country is suffering from decades of underdevelopment, he is perhaps the product of overdevelopment — remote, isolated, turned upon himself. (Sergio Corrieri's subtle, low-keyed performance is crucial in allowing our understanding of the character to develop in its own good time.) At the end of the film, all of Havana is feverishly preparing for the missile crisis of October 1962, but Sergio is in his elegant apartment, with blinds drawn, idly destroying glass animals. We are forced to admit the void that Sergio's attractiveness conceals. His inability to connect with the struggle of his world makes him a figure of pathos, and this is Alea's triumph. The film does not detest Sergio for his failure as would, for example, a Soviet filmmaker like Eisenstein. Instead, it pitied him and even manages to question the success of the revolution a bit too far for failing to enlist the sympathies of a man of such potential value.

American movie reviewers have been expressing wonder that a film as personal and open as *Memories* could have been made in Castro's Cuba. However, Sixto Aquino, a Cuban-born filmmaker friend of mine, says that, from the start, the Castro regime was quite liberal in its film-making policies, and only one film, something called *P.M.* was censored. *Memories of Underde-*

velopment

(and shouldn't the American title have been made just a shade less forbidding?) stimulates one's appetite to see more of Alea's work as well as more Cuban cinema. Last year, U.S. Customs shut down a New York exhibition of new Cuban films which was due to play at A.F.I. Theatre. I'm not so naive as to think that there are many more Cuban films of the quality of *Memories*, but it would be interesting, both politically and aesthetically, to see what kind of work is being done there.

## HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER

*High Plains Drifter* is Clint Eastwood's second directorial effort and an impressive advance over his first, the trashy but entertaining *Play Misty For Me*. Ernest Tidyman's screenplay, which mixes western violence with supernatural elements and surrealist comedy, is an interesting property for Eastwood and a decidedly off-beat one. Visually, thanks in part to Bruce Surtees' cinematography, it is the most stylish western in a long time, often reminiscent of Brando's chaotic, powerful *One Eyed Jacks*. (A sequence in which a seaside western town is painted red and rechristened Hell has more cinematic razzle-dazzle than anything I've seen all year.) Unlike Eastwood's spaghetti westerns, the violence in *High Plains Drifter* is convincing without being leeringly exploitative. Eastwood, who also plays the title role, is very canny about the macho image he consistently projects in his films, and even has a bit of fun with it here without quite abandoning it. One sex sequence turns into suspense, only to burst into a joke that might have been swiped from a Road Runner cartoon. Even the O. Henry ending, which ties up a few matters that make the film vaguely disturbing throughout, is apt and satisfying trickery. I'm not quite sure what it was the Eastwood and Tidyman were after in *High Plains Drifter* (apart from making a weird movie) and I'd be a fool if I tried to tell you that it was a masterpiece. Nevertheless, it is an unusual, highly accomplished and formally satisfying movie — the opening with Eastwood riding into town is virtually a textbook exercise in elegant moving camerawork and editing — and certainly worth

## 'YOUR THREE MINUTES ARE UP'

DOUGLAS N. Schwartz's Your Three Minutes Are Up has about thirty passably entertaining minutes in it, somewhere around the middle. This comic-drama about a respectable young insurance clerk who takes off on a spree up the California coast with a penniless rip-off artist appears to have been lifted, almost intact, from The Easy Life, the Vittorio Gassman hit of 1963. Both films are inconsequential fun in the early stages, while square is getting used to hip, but too soon moralizing raises its homely head and we are taught helpful little lessons about the danger of Corruption, tracts better saved for Sunday Schools. Cheery, buck-toothed Ron Leibman, though not ideally cast, is lively as the bankrupt swinger-sharpie and Beau Bridges once more repeats what has come to be the archetypal Beau Bridges role. (He's terribly good at it, but doesn't he ever get bored?) Janet Margolin's contribution can not be assessed because hers is the most thankless role in recent movie memory —

a series of nagging telephone calls. The camera work is rather murky, as though some smoggy Los Angeles air had leaked into the camera housing. Your Three Minutes Are Up isn't bad really, though it goes on long after it has run out of point and invention. It wouldn't be bad as a made-for-t.v. movie, but I couldn't recommend paying today's hefty movie prices to see it. Anyway, it will be on t.v. soon enough.

- J.S.

## 'DILLINGER'

DILLINGER marks the directorial debut of neo-fascist, loudmouth John Milius, whose previous career as a screenwriter included the fumbling Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean. Milius' writing is awful enough — mostly cheap cynicism and crude effects — but his direction is downright shameful. Scene for scene, the film imitates Bonnie and Clyde, missing, however, the intelligence and wit and sensitivity to violence which characterized that landmark movie. With all of the new Hollywood technolo-

gy designed to simulate violence, you'd think Milius could live up to his low ambitions and supply a convincing bloodbath, but he even fails on that level. The long scenes of carnage are so inept — clumsily shot and edited, with out-of-sync gunshots — that the movie looks like nothing more than some overgrown kids wearily playing cops and robbers. Actors like Warren Oates and Ben Johnson can give fine performances if kept in check: Milius gives them their heads and the result is just dreadful. With the bleachy, overexposed cinematography and an uncomfortably miscast Mama Michelle Phillips, and Cloris Leachman turning in a laughable cameo as the "Lady in Red" complete with shifting Slobolian accent, Dillinger is the sort of misbegotten movie that nobody could like. Except, of course, those few movie-sodden New York critics who took Milius at his bluff and called the film "the debut of a new master." Hell, the 1945 B-movie Dillenger with Lawrence Tierney was twice the picture and nobody felt compelled to call it a masterpiece. Is it possible that the Nixon inflation has hit movie reviewers?

- J.S.

# I want my dirty books back

## EGBERT SOUSE

I was a humdrum person,  
Leading a life apart,  
When love flew in my window wide  
And quickened my humdrum heart.  
Love flew in my window  
I was so happy then.  
But after love had stayed a little while,  
Love flew out again.  
— Cole Porter,  
"What Is This Thing Called Love?"

I MISS my porno. I want it back. I don't want five old men — the Supreme Court majority — telling me I can't have it. When the Washington Star-News announced the decision this summer, it said the Court was thereby "ending a long-time trend toward permissiveness." With the Watergate hearings just begun? With the Agnew indictments yet to come? Well goodby, era of permissiveness and hello, age of anarchy. You guys slug it out; I want my dirty books back.

Like most fantasy, pornography is improvement on life. Pornographic movies are like musicals; we all wish we could behave That Way in real life, but we can't. I would mean either arrest — cardiac, that is — incarceration, or confinement in the psycho ward. Porno superstars take their places beside our other cherished figures of fantasy — Mary Poppins can fly, Count Dracula can return from the dead, and Linda Lovelace can. . . . Well, you know.

In pornographic books, movies and magazines, men never wilt, women never tire, simple breath never expires, and solicitations of all kinds are generally successful. We need that kind of fantasy because most of our sex lives are infallibly imperfect. Usually we adopt as sexual targets people who wouldn't give us the time of day, much less a tumble. We each desire someone a little sexier than ourselves — the girl just a little bit too good for you is busy chasing a man just a little bit too good for her who is after a girl just a little — and so on. The odds against two exactly equal sexual objects finding one another and both agreeing on what is to be done and how and how often and why — these odds are staggering. Nobody is getting as much sex as they think they deserve, I'll betcha. Either the quantity and/or the quality are seen as insufficient. And we all imagine that the folks in 2-A are sexually happy. That makes it all the worse. No matter that their ears are glued to the wall trying to find out how we're doing. Lord, when you made us, you must have been kidding.

There are those, of course, who say that pornography demeans our species; that it insults the dignity of humankind. Presumably the people who say this — who have such staunch concern for the sake of human dignity — are aware of the Inquisition, the Salem witch trials, Dachau, My Lai, the Checkers speech, Georgie Jessel, Erich Segal, the Grand Guignol, "Let's Make A Deal," Madison Avenue, and the women who throw

their hotel room keys on the stage after appearances by singer Tom Jones. The dignity of humanity? Hahahahahahahaha ha.

Besides, there is a legitimate view of pornography as life-endorsing, fact-facing, self-aware therapy. You just can't sit there watching an eight-foot penis plunging into a cavernous vagina and maintain many illusions about the loveliness of life. Life is not lovely and the manner in which it is created is pretty messy. Pornography scoffs at the la-de-dah; it is contemptuous, even in its unrealistic way, of pretense. It is a slam-bang reminder of simple mortality.

Presumably, the Supreme Court justices have decided sex is harmful because somehow it harmed them. Maybe old Burger rubbed himself the wrong way while toppling into puberty. Maybe old Brennan got a nasty rash once. If they think porno is dangerous, they must have at some time felt personally endangered — i.e. tempted — by it. This line of reasoning is silly, but it's not much sillier than the decision, written in Burger's heavy and high-handed and decidedly clumsy prose.

Naturally, all the pro-Court forces said that it would be the low-down nasty books and movies and not the serious works that were threatened by the decision. The Carnal Knowledge was promptly seized in Georgia and in another southern state a sheriff persecuted Paper Moon because little Tatum O'Neal says "shithouse," that erotically incendiary word, in one of the scenes of the film.

The idea that low-down porno is so expendable is a rather faulty one, too. It might be bromidic to say that access to porno may lessen the possibility of sex crimes — the potential criminal detoured into voyerism — but nobody has satisfactorily refuted the idea. When porno materials are found in the aftermath of such atrocities as the boy murders committed in Houston by the late Dean Allen Corll, people try to make an association, but it is unlikely to the point of near-impossibility that Corll got any of his ideas from reading books.

Porno patrons are not especially unsavory in the main, contrary to another popular cliche. They are rather quiet and well-behaved as they browse through the stacks of magazines in 42nd Street shops (or what's left of them after the liberal Mr. Lindsey drove them out of business). True, those guys thumbing through the magazines in the "bondage" section seem a trifle smarmy but, well, removed from the shop and plopped down into Anyoffice USA, you would never be able to pick them out. And porno at least lets them express their tastes privately, lessening the chances, one would assume, that they will insist on expressing them more openly. It may also give them comfort when they are lonely. Better — perhaps — they should use a magazine as a masturbatory tool than another human being.

Besides, the problem with most porno devotees may be not that they are aggressive but that they are too docile and undemanding. They have been forced into compromise by the poor quality of material over the years. During a porno tour of New York in the pre-decision, unbridled days, I was amused to find an audience at a hardcore homosexual moviehouse — jammed during lunchhour on the opening day of a new film — silently submissive to the fact that the sound film they were watching was totally mute — accompanied only by lingering Mantovani from the projection booth. After twenty minutes of lips that moved but said nothing, I complained to an usher and the soundtrack cut in — for the first time that day, after at least three showings of the film. The love that dared not speak its name thus finally piped up.

Whether they will speak out for their rights or not, those who enjoy it deserve the best pornography money can buy. It is merely capitalistic justice. And the Supreme Court's killjoy kabosh comes along just when porno was getting good — better produced, a little more humane, populated by more attractive and more agile performers and possibly contributing to a new sexual realism in the heads of those who were patronizing it.

Probably the best recent written defense of pornography was that of Brendan Gill, a writer for the New Yorker whose "Blue Notes" was the virtual keynote address of a special issue of Film Comment devoted to "Cinema Sex."

"I live bathed in a continuous erotic glow," writes Gill. "And I recognize pornography as among the thousand blessed things that heighten this glow. Like sunlight, like water, like the smell and taste of skin, it helps make me happy. I foresee that with every passing year it will become increasingly precious to me: a vade mecum when the adventure of old age begins."

And now, with a nod, and a frown, to those five old duffers on the Supreme Court, and in varying shades of relevancy to the issue at hand, we have assembled and present to you, the openminded, the following

### GREAT THOUGHTS & ACTIONS ★ IN THE PURSUIT & EXERCISE ★★ OF THE 1ST AMENDMENT

"The camera angle, emphasis and closeup zooms were directed toward a maximum exposure in detail of the genitalia during the gymnastics, gyrations, bobbing, trundling, surging, ebb and flowing, eddying, moaning, groaning and sighing, all with ebullience and gusto. There were so many and varied forms of sexual activity one would tend to lose count of them . . . seven separate acts of fellatio and four of cunnilingus. . . . numerous and clear clinical acts of sexual intercourse, anal sodomy, female masturbation, clear depiction of seminal fluid ejaculation and an orgy scene — a Sodom and Gomorrah gone wild before the fire — all

of which is enlivened by the now famous four letter words and finally with bells ringing and rockets bursting in climactic ecstasy. . . . It was as explicit and as exquisite as life." — from N.Y. Criminal Court Judge Joel Tyler's decision finding "Deep Throat" to be obscene

"I can't define obscenity, but I know it when I see it."

— Justice Potter Stewart

ANNAPOLIS, March 19 — George J. Andreadakis, a contributor to Gov. Marvin Mandel's 1970 campaign who said he has never attended an R- or X-rated movie, today won committee approval as one of three members of the Maryland Board of Motion Picture Censors.

Committee approval of the 49-year-old Andreadakis, a wholesale meat processor . . . came after a cursory interrogation in which he admitted knowing very little about movies, although he said he likes the ones that are G-rated. . . .

He said, however, that even G-rated movies have scenes that can force a father to cover his daughter's eyes. Referring to the picture "The Heartbreak Kid," he said, "There was some bad scenes. I was kind of embarrassed."

— The Washington Post, March 20, 1973

SAN FRANCISCO — Several hundred persons drifted through three floors of explicitly colorful art Sunday when an institution billed as the world's first erotic art museum opened its doors to the public.

"This isn't just sex, it's life," said Eberhard Kronhausen, who fought for two years to get his collection of 2,000 paintings, drawings and sculptures through U.S. customs.

"We're trying to make people see more clearly. We want people to be more rational and mature human beings — if not, I think it's curtains for the human race."

— from a UPI report, 1973

WASHINGTON — Rep. Charles Griffin (D-Miss.) Tuesday called for the immediate suspension of the Tonight Show until official apologies are made to Mississippi for alleged remarks made by actor Jerry Lewis.

Griffin, in a telegram to Julian Goodman, president of the National Broadcasting Company, said a reference made by Jerry Lewis to Mississippi on the Tonight Show . . . was "an obscene affront to the morals of the nation and an inexcusable insult to the people my state."

— UPI, 1968

Mr. TAVENNER: Were you ever a member of the Communist Party?

Miss COMINGORE: Don't you get bored asking the same question?

Mr. TAVENNER: I get bored with the replies.

Miss COMINGORE: Then it is reciprocity, isn't it, and so you get the same answer I gave previously.

Mr. TAVENNER: Are you now a member of the Communist Party?

Miss Comingore: You are cute.

— from actress Dorothy Comingore's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, October, 1952

The Chicago Tribune has substituted more than a million copies of today's issue of its Sunday book supplement, Book World, because it objected to a review of Desmond Morris's whimsical treatise, "The Naked Ape."

A Tribune official acknowledged yesterday that almost all of the copies carrying a front-page review of the book were withdrawn because, he said, "certain parts were in bad taste." . . .

The Washington edition of Book World, published by The Washington Post, retained Mr. Farb's review on the front page but deleted four lines. . . .

The section of Mr. Farb's review deleted by The Post consisted of a paragraph containing a reference to the penis in a discussion of the sexual behavior of primates. . . .

— The New York Times, Jan. 21, 1968

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 11 — Associates & Aldrich (movie producer-director Robert Aldrich) filed suit last week in Los Angeles federal district court against Times Mirror Co., publisher of the Los Angeles Times, for "capricious and arbitrary censorship of motion picture advertising" because the paper insisted on changes in an ad for "The Killing of Sister George." . . . The Times requested that the tagline, "The story of three consenting adults in the privacy of their home" . . . have the word "consenting" removed.

— Advertising Age, Feb. 11, 1969

The long-standing feud between longshoremen and an importer of dolls over the propaganda value of 444 Mao Tse-Tung dolls has been settled.

A spokesman for the Yeomen Group, importers of the dolls from Ireland, said yesterday that the shipment had cleared the Hudson River pier on which it was held since last Mary.

Longshoremen at Pier 76, Hudson River, had refused to move the shipment off the dock when they discovered that each doll was accompanied by a sheet of quotations from the works of Mao.

A CANADIAN construction supply company says it can economically recycle all the waste glass produced in an entire Canadian province.

John Parlane of the Superior Concrete Products company recently displayed a concrete block, 40 per cent of which was glass. The block looks like a block of marble. He said that his company is presently handling about five tons of glass a week — supplied mostly by environmental groups. But Parlane said his company could handle up to 100 tons of waste glass every day.

When the importer agreed to remove the "objectionable" sheets and to let the dock workers burn them, the longshoremen agreed to handle the shipment.

— The New York Times, March 19, 1969

WASHINGTON — Rep. James B. Utt (R-Calif.) said today that sex education and rock and roll music were part of a Communist conspiracy to destroy America.

The California Republican also contended that Communists had infiltrated all levels of the clergy in an effort to destroy moral standards as one step in a world-wide conspiracy.

— UPI, March, 1969

WASHINGTON — Senate Republican leader Everett M. Dirksen (R-Ill.) said today a Swedish movie currently being screened in the United States showed "open fornication" on the screen.

The senator told newsmen he planned to make a speech about the film, "I Am Curious — Yellow," in support of his bill to limit the Supreme Court's power to review jury decisions in obscenity cases.

Asked if had seen the film, Dirksen said, "Lord, no, I haven't."

— UPI, 1969

"What may be done to one, may be done to all."

— slogan of the American Civil Liberties Union

"The most sedate barnyard fowls do it,  
When a chanticleer cries,  
High-browed old owls do it,  
They're supposed to be wise. . . ."

— Cole Porter,  
"Let's Do It"

## CLASSES FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN

FALL \* WINTER \* SPRING \* SUMMER SESSIONS  
morning      evening      saturday  
family rates      scholarships

DANCE: Modern, Ballet, Jazz, Tap, Tumbling, Yoga  
ART: Drawing, adults; Art Materials, children  
MUSIC: Group Piano, children  
DRAMA: Children's Theatre; Puppet Playhouse

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# ART

## USING ARTISTS AS FUND-RAISERS

VAL LEWTON

RECENTLY I received in the mail a brochure for the 1973 Maryland Open Art Show. This event is sponsored by the Maryland School of Art and Design, Inc. in Silver Spring, a school, which seems designed for the suburban housewife overflow from the community colleges and the University of Maryland.

This is the third time in the last two years that the school, a non-profit organization, has attempted to raise money by using artists and their work without just remuneration. Two previous fiascos involved an art auction in the rain, and an invitational exhibit at Gelston Armory (better suited for cattle auctions than art shows). The invitational show last winter was preceded by a slick promotional brochure that gave the impression that all artists on the invited list were exhibiting. Many were not. Some of these names were well known in the Washington art community and their listing encouraged other artists to participate.

In their latest attempt at fund raising, MSAD is offering fifteen hundred dollars in prize money. This money is split at least fifteen different ways. Many artists, however, desperate for recognition of any kind, will undergo almost anything to show their work. These id-indigo canvas-stainers will stuff the family station wagon, drive hundreds of miles and all for the sake of another rejection slip. Once out of the artist's hands, the work is shunted from wall to wall, stacked and racked -- all with the provision that no one is responsible for damages. The only thing respected less than the artist is his work.

The MSAD is again using the cavernous Gelston Armory for its art extravaganza. This inappropriate space can accommodate everything the jurors choose to show. And, given the ten dollar entry fee, the school can increase its haul proportionately. Art work is delicate; it reacts to its surroundings. It needs a sympathetic format. Armories, chain link fences and other brutal backgrounds take a mighty toll.

Attempts at legitimacy, which marked other MSAD affairs, art shows, can also be detected in this exhibition. One of the jurors, Adlyn Breeskin, is a former director of both the Baltimore Museum of Art and the defunct Washington Gallery of Modern Art. She is presently



- Photo by Ralph Logan

curator of contemporary art at the National Collection of Fine Arts. She knew nothing about the ten dollar entry fee when she accepted the offer to jury the show. Nor did she realize that she would have to judge work from slides rather than from the genuine article. "I was shocked," she said, "when I saw the amount charged for entry, and I hate judging work from slides." Another wrinkle devised by MSAD was to invite prestigious artists such as Jacob Kainen to participate as invited guests. He also was embarrassed when he learned about the entry fee, but he said it was hard to pull out after the entry blanks were printed and mailed. He, too, objected to the use of slides. "It's just a way of keeping down expenses," he said. They made it easy for him to take part by offering to pick up and return his work without charge.

Two Washington artists, John Sirica and Berthold Schmutzart, both said they threw their entry blanks in the waste basket when they saw the ten dollar entry fee. Schmutzart, president of Artists Equity, a national artists union, said AE discouraged its members from participating in fund raising events that masquerade as art competitions. It's not professional, he said. "We can't forbid our members from participating, after all they are all adult people who can think for themselves, but it is not in their interest to participate. For instance," he continued, "psychiatrists are not asked to give away their work free." According to the brochure, artists who pay the ten dollar entry fee will be considered as Asso-

ciates to MSAD and are invited to join the MSAD Art Club. But as John Sirica commented, "Who needs it?"

Terrence Coffman, assistant to MSAD's director Christopher Bartlett, admitted that the show was being held primarily to raise funds. However, he pointed out, the ten dollar entry fee did help defray the cost of renting the Armory, handling the work, mailing out brochures and paying the jurors. According to the brochure the payments to jurors is, however, funded by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Maryland Council on the Arts. MSAD is also holding an art show raffle better suited for car sales promotions than for art shows. Tickets go at one dollar each or five dollars for a book of six. Second prize is a portrait of the winning ticket holder, painted and donated by artist John Bannon.

Junk mail for artists consists largely of invitations to participate in fund raising events that masquerade as art shows and competitions. A few dollars for handling fees is a legitimate charge according to Berthold Schmutzart, but ten dollars is a rip off. The lures used to separate the artist from his money are a few prestigious names and the long chance of winning big in what best can be described as an expensive lottery.

Of course this is fall junk mail for artists. In the spring and summer outdoor art fairs are the preferred method. They offer the artist either a chain link fence or a cement cubbyhole in the blazing sun for as little as twenty-five dollars.



PETER DEANNA

ANDREA O. DEAN

ALTHOUGH he has painted professionally in Washington for most of his adult life, Peter DeAnna's new affiliation with the Jacob's Ladder gallery is his first with a local gallery. (His work can be seen in a group show at the gallery through October 6.) Now 53 years old, DeAnna hadn't even shown in a local gallery un-

til last year when he exhibited at the Emerson in McLean, Virginia with Joe Shannon. Why has DeAnna's painting remained a well-guarded secret to all but a few friends and co-workers at the Smithsonian? "He's no good," is not the answer.

All these years DeAnna has been working in a realistic style and until a year ago almost all realists were considered beneath contempt by the largely fickle and feckless taste-makers of the art world. The prevailing snobism equated realism with homes decorated out of House & Garden with dewy mountain scenes on the walls or reproductions of Van Gogh sunflowers. This is not to say that all such scenes were junk (or are) and for that matter both DeAnna and Van Gogh could have done much better financially if they had painted kitsch. If DeAnna had jumped onto one or another of the avant garde bandwagons which happened to be passing through, we might now be more familiar with his name, although he might not be financially any the better off for it.

He joined no groups but continued working in what he calls an "intimist realist" mode. He paints gentle, intimate scenes of some of the people and places which hold special meaning for him: his small son and another child lounging on a couch reading; a shimmering, light-filled doorway and woodpile in Maine; an overcast and somewhat more poetic scene of a beach stretching far into the distance; a portrait of a Catholic priest, a friend. There is no harshness anywhere. DeAnna's aim through-

out has simply been to paint pictures of increasingly fine quality, which until about a year ago was not a goal gallery owners could identify with, let alone stake money on.

Local conditions also discouraged him from participating in the Washington culture klatsch. When DeAnna returned from studying in New York after World War II, he found this city sedate, discreet and numbing. "We artists had to be good niggers in those days, not speak, not challenging, not talking back. I shrank from the whole damn thing," he says. He went to the only gallery which showed Washington artists, the Franz Bader, and was rejected, which ended his dealings with Washington galleries for almost two decades. "There weren't any galleries worth showing at in those years," he says, admitting to another kind of snobism. He did show in a New York gallery until it failed in the late '50s.

Was it discouraging? Well of course. "Painters," says DeAnna, "have to show, for renewal and stimulation. It drove me crazy to be patronized by people without the training or interest I had. It was the worst in the '50s... One of the reasons I didn't go along with abstract movements was the people I saw going along."

Does DeAnna feel good about his prospects now? Sure. But he also knows that much depends on being at the right place at the right time and wishes there was also money in showing so he could free himself to devote more time to painting.

# PUBLIC NOTICES

**COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING:** 10¢ a word. **NON-COMMERCIAL:** Free on a space available basis. Donation requested. Send to DC Gazette by the third Tuesday of the month. 109 8th Street NE, DC 20032

## FOR SALE

**LADIES RALEIGH SPORTS:** 2 yrs old. Complete w/large metal panniers, front & rear lamps, pump, new metal Schwinn carrier. The lot: \$85. Mary Bavister, 1013 C SE.

**QUALITY RANGE, c. 1920.** Perf. working cond. \$30. 543-3230.

**APARTMENT SALE:** Many items inc. 2 tbles, 2 bkcases, waterbed w/frame, iceskates (womens 7), miniature pool table, clock radio, Polaroid camera, hairblower, sm shag rug, 2 lamps, records, orig. art work etc. 589-2054. Takoma Park. Everything cheap.

**ADDRESSOGRAPH.** Hand operated 1 1/2 yr-old machine in beautiful cond. Master model 99. Cost about \$170 new. Asking \$70. Will discuss. 338-1900.

## HOUSING

**HOUSING IN DC ( maybe co-op)** desired by family of 6. Willi & Anne Ludlow, 363-8840 at 6220 32nd Place, NW 20015

**HOUSE TO SHARE:** 16th & R NW. Pref. professionals in late 20s or late 30s. 797-8668 or 797-8664.

## HELP WANTED

**RECEPTIONIST-SECRETARY:** Immed. opening for Span. speaking ind. w/gd typg & office skills for law school attorneys. Will conduct initial client interviews & assist attorney-professors in legal services. Salary open. Contact Diane Mazur, 265-9500.

**NEED PERSON TO DO** painting & light carpentry. Must have exp. Also have opp. to help in growing art business. Rm/bd can be part of salary. Can pay btwn \$3-4/hr. 797-8668 or 797-8664.

## SERVICES

**WHY BAKE A CAKE?** Let Evalyn do it. Professional cake-baking and decorating. Home-made mint wafers decorated to fit your occasion. 882-0837.

## VOLUNTEERS

**BEING A GOOD FOSTER PARENT** is a hard job but, then little else is as deeply satisfying as offering a needy child a second chance at care and understanding. The substitute home finding branch of the Department of Human Resources is searching for persons to become foster parents. If you are interested, call 629-5611 or write: Ms. Mary C. Hodges, Dept. of Human Resources, Substitute Home Finding Branch, 122 C St. NW, DC 20001.

**RALPH NADER'S HEALTH RESEARCH GROUP:** Whatever you can do, we're sure it will be of help to us, for as many hours as you can spare. Any age, any time. 872-0320.

**VOLUNTEERS NEEDED TO PARTICIPATE** in a program for elementary school age children in downtown Washington. Study hall program conducted for inner city children one night each week. Interested persons needed as tutors for a min. of 2 hrs/wk. Others needed in varying capacities. Sponsored by First Congregational United Church of Christ, 945 G NW. 628-4317.

## PERSONALS

**SWINGERS**, nationwide adult club. Free info write PO Box 20140, Phila Pa. 19145

**BASEMENT NEEDED BADLY** for storage of boxes. Will pay something. 338-0716. Pete.

**DO YOU WANT TO STOP SMOKING?** The Washington Heart Association will soon begin a smoking withdrawal program. For dates and details, call 296-4697 and ask for information on "Smokers Limited."

**RIDE WANTED** AM to Capitol Hill from 24th & Mass. NW (or Conn & S). 265-2273. Will share expenses.

**ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTIST, M, 35,** visiting DC frequently, seeks intelligent, spirited, robust F for companionship on hikes, concerts, dining, stimulating conversation. Please write Box 414, Lemont, Pa. 16851.

**WANTED: PERSONS WITH ANY SIZE TRUCKS** to participate in community removal & recycling program. Investment is \$7 which goes to pay for minor expenses. We offer free paint jobs on trucks that need to be refinished (silver or grey only), and in the future hope to offer many other free services to members. Hauling rates are set by your vote. Excellent way to acquire rugs, furniture, tools, clothing etc. First week we were in business, we got lawn chairs, mowers, armchair, lots of fence, garden spreader, extension cords, much more. We make no profit whatsoever, but need your initial investment for business items which only you will use, and to advertise your services. Also, we require you to assume our name. There is nothing to lose but another fascist monopoly. And we send you a receipt for your seven bucks whether you request one or not. Write: Interstate Transfer, Ltd., 30 North Allison Street, Greencastle, Pa. 17225.

**FOR SEVERAL MONTHS** the planning committee, headed by Sara Cory and Brian Yaffe, has been collecting and sorting books, toys, games, sports equipment, household articles, appliances and gadgets, costume jewelry and a wide range of gifts to be offered at attractive prices during the six-hour sale. Some unusually choice selections have been set aside for auction at 11 a.m., 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. in the upstairs lounge at Quaker House.

The garden shop will feature plants for the indoor gardener and apartment dweller who enjoys growing things during winter months. Magnolia leaves and other greenery will also be available.

The always popular food specialties prepared by members and friends will go on sale as soon as the doors open. Several snack bars will operate throughout the day. There will be a fun house for children and child care for small children. Info: 332-1156.

**PRETERM**, the city's oldest, non-profit abortion clinic now offers all citizens of the DC area three additional services:

- **Gynecological Service.** Women receive a complete physical blood test, urinalysis, Pap smear, tests for pregnancy and venereal disease.
- **Vasectomy Clinic.** All men over 21, married or single, are eligible for sterilization.
- **Counseling in Human Sexuality.** Open to any interested person 18 and over.

As with the abortion clinic, all patients in the GYN and vasectomy clinics are given personal, specialized counseling. For information and appointments, call 298-7300.

**THE FEMINIST COUNSELING COLLECTIVE**, a project of the Washington Area Women's Center, will be starting a training program for women who want to become para-professional feminist group counselors. Those interested in applying can call 234-3726.

Those selected will be trained under the guidance of professional women therapists who have a feminist orientation and an understanding of women's problems.

**EVERETT JACKSON** lectures at the Museum of History and Technology on the "Evolution of False Teeth," Sept. 29, 10:30 a.m.

**THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN RESOURCES** is operating a senior citizens hotline with information of use to the elderly. Call 638-2674, 8:15 a.m.-4:45 p.m. - M-F.

**RECEPTION TO** thank members of the school board for their dedication and hard work. 3-5 pm, Sept. 29 at ML King Library. Sponsored by We Care. Jo Butler, coordinator. Info: 785-2444.

**ON Oct. 21-22**, the DC Bicentennial Commission and Assembly, in co-sponsorship with the United Nations Association and the National Capital Parks will hold the first District of Columbia City Celebration, which will take place on E Street, between the District Building and 15th Street, NW.

This two-day free event will bring together the diverse performing arts talents of the Washington community: drama, dance, folk music, gospel music, classical music, jazz and rock, from neighborhood groups, major performing arts institutions and international groups and embassies. In addition, fine arts and arts and crafts from throughout the city will be highlighted. Ethnic food will also be featured.

The focus of the 1973 City Celebration is on culture and the quality of life of Washington. In keeping with this theme, there will be booths and displays from a wide variety of groups and organizations which are attempting to improve the quality of life in the city.

**THE attractive and useful League of Women Voters calendar is out for 1974.** It only costs \$1.25 and is available from the LWV, (#733), Dupont Circle Building, 1346 Conn. Ave., NW, DC 20036.

## NORTHERN VIRGINIA

**ELSEWHERE** in this issue you'll find a report on Co-Opt's study of the Rosslyn-Ballston corridor. You can get a copy of the full study from Co-Opt for \$1. Write Co-Opt, 1714 Mass. Ave. NW 20036.

**"ACTION/INACTION - A Guide to the Virginia Legislature,"** has been released by the Virginia Citizens Consumer Council.

The 100-page manual is the result of a study made by VCCC's legislative committee during the 1973 session of the Virginia Legislature, patterned after Nader's study of the Congress.

Legislators' professional backgrounds, areas of legislative interest and attitudes toward reform of Virginia's legislative system is followed by biographical sketches of each senator and delegate who responded to a VCCC survey and/or interview.

The book is the second published by VCCC. The first, The Consumer Complaint Action Guide, was released a year ago. It is designed to help consumers solve many of their own problems. Both books may be ordered by mail. Each volume costs \$2 for members, and \$3 for non-members. Mail checks to VCCC, Box 777, Springfield, Va. 22150. Please specify which book is being ordered. Bulk rates are available.

## EDUCATION

**GLEN ECHO PARK, MD.,** is offering classes and workshops for both children and adults in crafts, fine arts, performing arts and human development.

Sponsored by the National Park Service, the fall session runs from Oct. 9 through Dec. 15. Classes will be held 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Tu-F and 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat.

In the fine arts, such courses as drawing, acrylic collage, acrylic painting, Chinese painting, water color, photography and darkroom, photo silkscreening, animal sculpture and heat-formed plastics will be offered.

Crafts such as batik and tie dying, cloisonne enamelling, creative crochet, weaving, jewelry making, leatherwork, and traditional and sculptural tapestry are on the list of classes.

Performing arts including costuming, script writing, directing, make-up, mime, music making for children's theatre and theatre lighting will be taught, also.

In addition, courses designed for women interested in automobiles will be taught, as well as nutrition and organic foods, beginning and intensive yoga.

Classes for children and teens range from arts and crafts for handicapped children to puppetry workshops,

beginning sculpture to creative dramatics.

For info concerning registration, detailed course outlines, or tuition costs, contact Glen Echo Park at 229-3031.

OUR FREE SCHOOL STILL HAS some space for kids 4 1/2 - 8. CFC, located in Adams-Morgan area of NW is beginning its 3rd year. We have 5 experienced staff people working to provide a healthy, free space for kids to work, play and learn. Call Steve 387-4861, Walter 332-7320 or Debbie 387-2872.

OPENINGS FOR FREE SCHOOL CHILDREN. Adams-Morgan area. Emphasizes emotionally free, creative learning environment. School has space and experienced staff. Kay or Ian McNett, 387-4861.

CHILDREN'S FREE COMMUNITY is looking for people to volunteer once or twice a week working with kids, 4 1/2 - 8 years old. We'd like people offering a skill they enjoy and can teach in fields of music, drama, dance, karate, crafts, sciences, others. Interested? Kathy Klein 659-2664 or Debbie Hingle 333-5427.

## THE ARTS

"INHERIT THE WIND," the Lawrence and Lee dramatization of the Scopes "monkey" trial, at Arena Nov. 2-Dec. 9. Info: 638-6700.

THE AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE THEATER is presenting film adaptations of Shakespeare and is also showing a tribute to Marilyn Monroe.

A third series, running Sunday night through Nov. 25 explores the French and American films of Rene Clair. Info: 833-9300.

THE WASHINGTON COMMUNITY SCHOOL OF DANCE invites you to join its fall sessions at Friendship House...ballet instruction for boys and girls from seven years old and up, teenagers, and adults. Register at Friendship House, 619 D SE Sept 28 (4-7) and Sept. 29, (10-2). Info: Yvonne Brenner, 683-2667 or 547-8880.

IF DANCE IS YOUR THING, you should investigate the fall series of dance courses being sponsored by Grace Church in Georgetown. One can enroll in modern jazz, modern dance (Graham technique), and a newly added course, improvisation for the dancer.

Carol Fonda teaches the technique classes as per last season, but John Bailey, a new member of the George Washington University faculty, will teach the improvisation course.

The fall series begins Oct. 1. For registration and Info: 326-2345.

THE Women's Film Festival continues through Oct. 2 at Janus II. Co-sponsored by the Washington Area Women's Center and the Janus Theaters, the Festival includes: feature-length and short films from other countries, focusing on the work of women film directors whose work rarely is shown commercially.

On Sept. 29, all proceeds will go to the Washington Area Women's Center. The film is Sheila Paige's "Women's Happy Time Commune," a western spoof. Further films from the same film collective of which Ms. Paige is a part will be shown. A workshop on filmmaking will follow, led by a woman from the collective. Info: 232-5145.

## RECREATION

THE PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY COIN Club meets first Thurs, 7:30 p.m. at the Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission Building, 4017 Hamilton St. Hyattsville, Md. Meetings feature lectures, exhibits, door prizes, bourse dealers, and a coin auction. Yearly events include a coin show.

This year the show is at The Ramada Inn, Ex. 30E off the Beltway (Rt. 450, Lanham, Md.) Saturday Sept. 29 from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sunday, Sept. 30 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The show will feature exhibits of coins, medals, paper money and 40 bourse dealers. A silver dollar will be given away each hour as a door prize and four U.S. gold coins will be given to lucky winners of the raffle drawn at the end of the show. Info: PGCC, Box 95, Bladensburg, Md. 20710.

THE 4th ANNUAL SAILBOAT SHOW will take place on the Annapolis waterfront

Oct. 4-8. Info: 301-268-8828. The show will be followed by the U.S. Powerboat Show Oct. 11-14. Info: 301-268-6300.

THE 1973 CONGRESS FOR RECREATION and Parks will be held in Washington DC's Sheraton Park and Shoreham Hotels from Sept. 29 to Oct. 4. Info: 525-0606

## ADAMS MORGAN

BUSINESSMEN in the Adams Morgan area are joining in a plan which will give residents discounts at local stores and provide funding for the Adams Morgan Organization.

Under the program, members who contribute at least one dollar a month to AMO will receive a card entitling them to ten per cent discounts at participating businesses.

The plan benefits the merchants by attracting business; the shoppers, by offering the discounts; and the community in general, by providing money to help AMO carry out its work.

AMO will also be sponsoring an exchange center for used winter clothing and some household goods. Members of the community with good, clean used clothing, household items or even canned foods can drop them off at the AMO office, 2431 18th St NW, and pick up anything they might need from similar items left by others.

Residents of Adams Morgan can also take advantage of music lessons offered by the Washington Community School of Music at Oyster School starting in late September.

Fees for the half-hour private sessions will be based on a sliding income scale, but no one who cannot pay will be denied lessons.

There will also be a special program for pre-schoolers. Call the AMO office, 332-2628, for more information.

Anyone interested in working on special community improvement projects should also get in touch with AMO.

Volunteers are needed for committees on environmental improvement; recreation; housing, including community real estate management and tenants' rights; starting an adult health clinic in Adams Morgan; and developing a comprehensive plan for the community.

In addition, anyone willing to help maintain the clothing and household exchange, or simply to do general work around the AMO office, including helping neighbors solve their problems, should visit or call.

BARNEY SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER has opened a legal services center. It specializes in will writing, tax preparation and landlord/tenant problems. Services are free. Address: 1737 Columbia Road, NW. Tel: 483-1285.

## NEAR NORTHEAST

THE TREASURE CHEST THRIFT SHOP, at 507 Florida Ave. NE is a new program to give inner city youth training and skills necessary to secure employment in the fields of retail merchandising, cataloguing, advertising, procurement, salesmanship, and bookkeeping. Neighborhood merchants and other experts in retail business offer assistance in training.

The shop carries shirts, pants, dresses, shoes, blouses. There are also used and rebuilt appliances plus secondhand books. There are also records. The Thrift Shop is open M-F, 10-6, Sat. 10-3. For info or donations: 546-5552.

THE DOUGLAS MEMORIAL UNITED METHODIST CHURCH will sponsor a street fair between 11th & H and 11th & I Streets, NE from 12-7 p.m., Oct. 13. Rev. Kathryn Moore, Pastor.

## THE NATION

A GROUP OF social workers in the New York City area are seeking other concerned social workers to act as a progressive force within our profession and to work together with grass roots community groups in order to bring about social change and social action.

Write to Social Work Action Project, PO Box 808, Bronx General Post Office, Bronx, NY 10451.

FOR the past three years Youth Liberation has been helping young people organize around their schools, families and prisons. This has been done primarily by publishing FPS-the Youth Liberation News Service.

By June, however, we were flat broke and our stock of "youth libera-

tion materials" (books, pamphlets, buttons, t-shirts, posters, etc) were exhausted. Back orders began to pile up fast. This summer we dug deep into our pockets and managed to restock most of our materials. For the moment we are broker than ever before - but we have loads of good literature to sell.

- YOUTH LIBERATION, 2007 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor Mich. 48104

SIV WIDERBERG, a Swedish writer of "political children's books," is the author of the most recent volume in The Feminist Press children's paperback series.

Poems from several popular Swedish children's books by Widerberg are now available in an American edition entitled *I'm Like Me*. The 64-page paperback has been illustrated with line drawings by Claes Bäckström and translated by Verne Moberg. It retails for \$1.50.

During the late 1960's a number of prominent Swedish writers began discussing "adult" topics in children's books. Young people, they felt, needed to know about ideas that concerned grown-ups. The result is a new genre of children's literature that deals with a wide spectrum of ideas, ranging from Vietnam to venereal disease. Among the most popular of these writers is Siv Widerberg.

The poems in *I'm Like Me* deal with many of the "serious" subjects that have traditionally aroused anxiety among both adults and children; especially tribulations associated with rigid sex role stereotypes, marriage, adolescence and a number of aspects of a human sexuality including menstruation and birth control. Here are a couple of examples:

### PAPA

My papa can drive a car  
My papa can fix electric motors  
My papa can carry heavy, heavy things  
My papa can quarrel with Uncle Carl  
My papa can fry beef fried with onions

My papa can be kind  
and comfort me when I cry

But can he cry himself?

I don't know

### MENSTRUATING

When Lena started menstruating

she was thirteen years old

Sara was eleven

Ingrid was fifteen

Angela was twelve and a half

When I start menstruating

I may be eleven

or twelve

or thirteen

or fourteen

or fifteen years old

or more

Then I'll have started menstruating

All Feminist Press books may be ordered from Box 334, Old Westbury, NY 11568.

THE American Committee on Africa, a New York based research group, has released a new brochure, *Why We Protest Gulf Oil in Angola*. Gulf is the largest U.S. investor in the Portuguese African colonies of Angola, Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique and in 1972 paid Portugal \$60 million in tax and royalty payments.

The brochure gives up-to-date info on Gulf's importance to Portuguese colonialism and outlines the growing boycott campaign. Copies are available for 15¢ (bulk rates available) from the American Committee on Africa, 164 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10016.

*TUPAMAROS*, a new 16 mm film about Uruguay's National Liberation Movement, is now available from Tricontinental Film Center for purchase or rental. The Spanish language film, in color with English subtitles, runs 50 minutes.

Filmed secretly in Uruguay, it is the first film in which a Tupamaro leader discusses the reasons for the guerrilla struggle in Uruguay and the special tactics that the Tupamaros have used. The film contains some footage filmed by the Tupamaros, including interviews with kidnapped British Ambassador Geoffrey Jackson and Uruguayan Presidential advisor Pereyra Reverbel.

*Tupamaros* also deals with the "Death Squad," (a right wing terrorist group), the kidnapping and execution of AID official Dan Mitrione and the Tupamaros' response to the "internal war" declared against them by the government in April, 1972.

To order the film or arrange a free preview write: Tricontinental Film Center, 244 W. 27 St., NYC, NY 10001. Or phone (212) 989-3330.

"AFRICAN Politics - More New Songs from Kenya" is now available from Folkways. The songs are sung in Ki-Swahili and Ki-Kamba languages by composer/solo musician David Nzomo from Kenya. Text and musical notations are enclosed. For more information and a list of Folkways' other records, write Folkways Records, 701 7th Ave. NYC, NY 10036.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS greeting card and note-paper catalog is out. You can get a copy from LofC, Information Office, 20540.

NOW there's a calendar out that you can actually eat. A Cambridge, Massachusetts company has come out with a calendar that contains an array of suggestions for recycling wastes. Part of the calendar, called "Eat January," is printed in "non-toxic" ink on a special dissolving paper - described as "the closest thing to an edible paper." (People who tried it said it was somewhat bland.)

The 1974 calendars can be ordered from Resource Planning Associates, 44 Brattle Street, Cambridge at five dollars each.

THE FORD FOUNDATION and the National Fellowships Fund are pleased to announce the following fellowship programs for the 1974-1975 year: Graduate Fellowships for Black Americans, Graduate Fellowships for Mexican Americans, Graduate Fellowships for Native Americans, Graduate Fellowships for Puerto Ricans.

These fellowship programs are for students (a) who plan to pursue full-time study toward the doctoral degree in the arts or sciences or (b) who hold a first post-baccalaureate professional degree - such as MBA, MPA, MSW or M. Ed - and plan to continue on to the doctoral degree in preparation for a career in higher education. These fellowships are for one year only, but are renewable upon reapplication if satisfactory progress toward the doctorate is made. Info: Ford Foundation, 320 E. 43rd St. NYC NY 10017.

NATIONAL Action/Research on the Military Industrial Complex, a project of the American Friends Service Committee, has prepared a new slide show, "Dollars Forever: The Post-War War."

The show illustrates how American money pays for war and repression in South Vietnam. It includes photos and eyewitness accounts by AFSC staff in Vietnam, journalists and Pentagon officials.

"Dollars Forever," which consists of 160 30 mm color slides, script and complete documentation, is available from NARIC, 112 South Street, Philadelphia, Pa 19102. The cost is \$50, first class postage paid.



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